

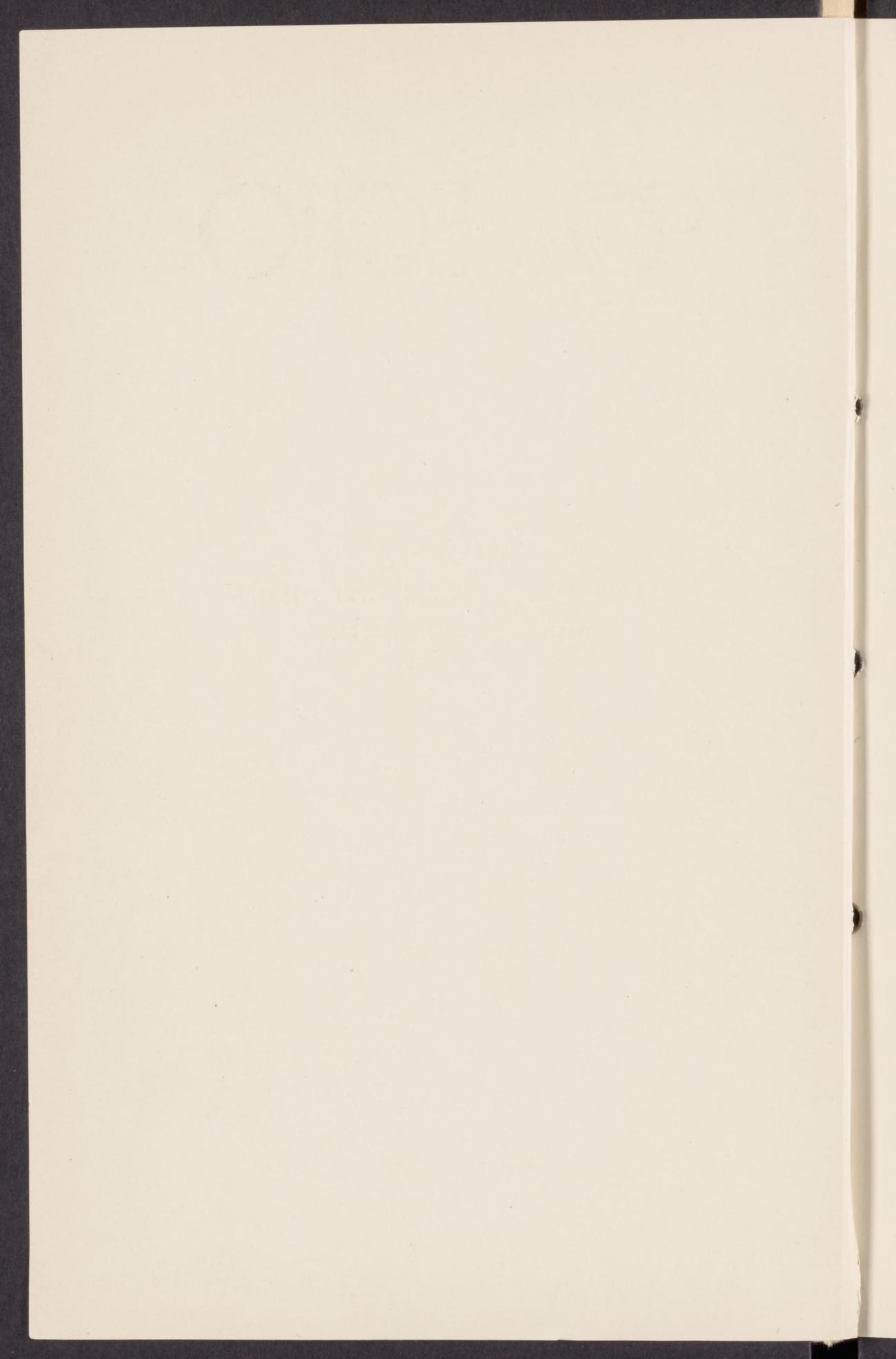
June 1912.

The ECHO



JUNE '12
COMMENCEMENT NUMBER
Santa Rosa High School

100



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Vol. III No. 10

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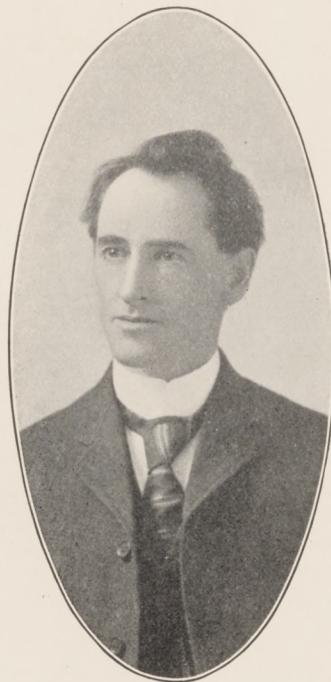
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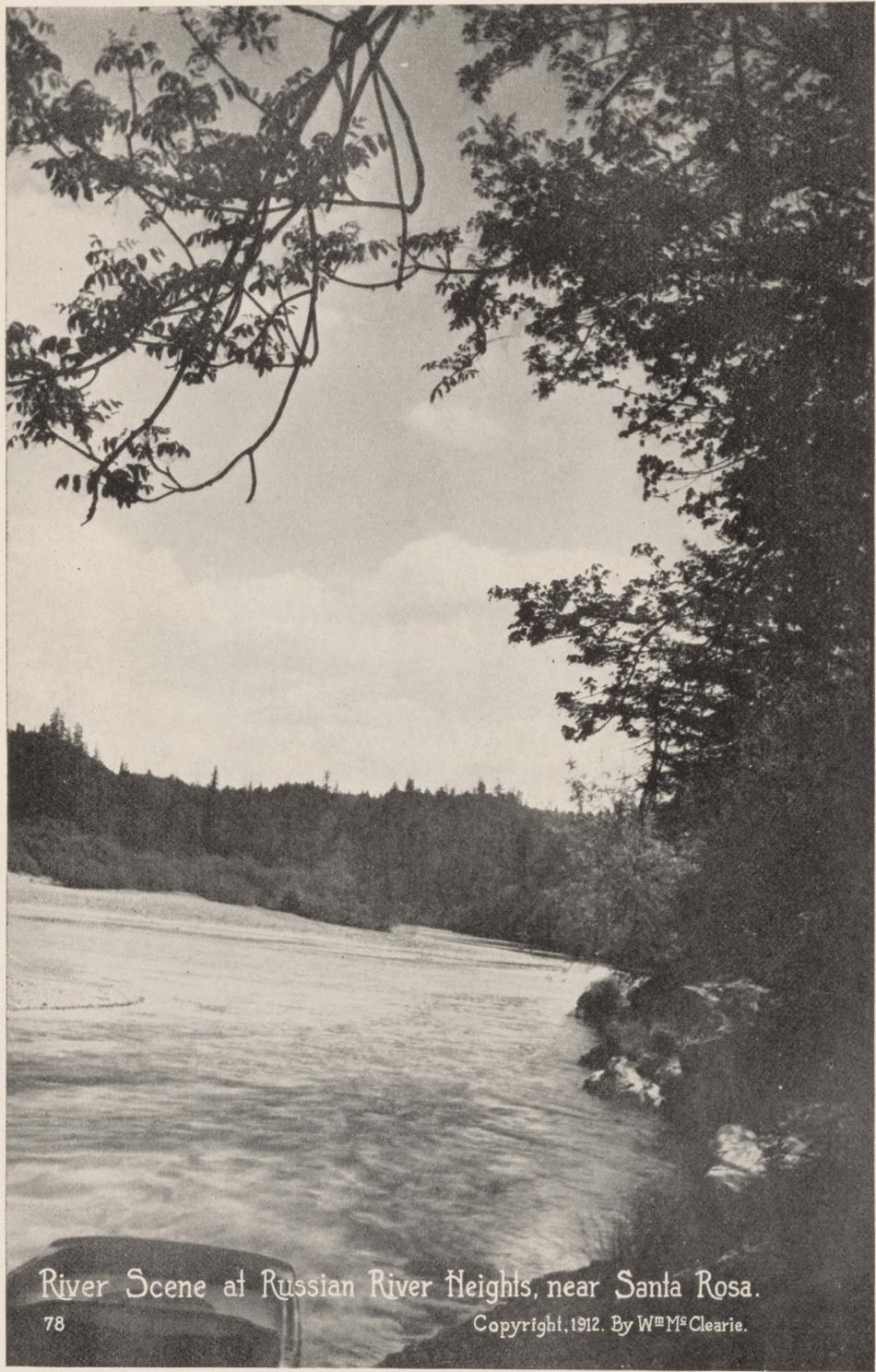


To
Our Principal
Charles L. Searcy
whose advice and interest have been a
great personal benefit to all
this number is dedicated with
loving gratitude
by the
June Class of '12

Class Motto :

*“The old order changeth,
yielding place to new”*





River Scene at Russian River Heights, near Santa Rosa.

The ECHO

To The Class of June, '12

Frances L. O'Meara.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new.
And God fulfills himself in many ways."

"The Passing of Arthur."

—Tennyson.

Long ago there lived a king
Of whom our greatest poets sing;
A king of men was he, indeed,
For men today his words still heed.
'Twas said he came from spirit land
"Excalibur" in his right hand.

And never blade was ever held
That evils fought and evils quelled,
Like that which Arthur bore of old
When he revealed his spirit bold.

This great king ruled amongst his knights,
Striving to win for men their rights.
The great king's vict'ries grew and grew,
Long his court was loyal and true.
But Modred came with envious hate,
Seeking the throne where the good king sate.

Then came the strife 'twixt good and ill,
The strife that was blinding and fierce, until
The king, at last, laid low the foe

That had wrought his worst to work men woe.
Then he called to a knight that he loved so well,
For he had a secret he wished to tell.
He tested the knight again and again,
'Til at last he stood the test, and then
He told the knight that to win the strife,
To put down evil—had cost his life.
The good knight gave a cry of pain,

But the great king answered:

"'Twas not all in vain.

I have lived my life, my work is done,
And a morrow follows a setting sun;
I have lived my life to uplift man
And I charge you to follow, as best you can,
The lesson I leave you before I depart.
If you would ennable the human heart,
And lift men above the struggles of beasts,
Where the blood of their victims flows for their feasts,
Know that peace and order and love will draw
The world closer and closer to Heaven's high law.

THE ECHO

“‘The old order changeth, yielding place to new.’
 Go forward! is the mandate with which I part from you.
 Regret me not when I am gone; seek not to bring me back.
 I leave my life work with you; my mem’ry you’ll not lack.
 Good deeds remain forever, the doers pass away,
 But the world keeps growing better,
 Moving forward, day by day.
 “There’s a vision I would show you,

Look beyond a thousand years;
 You may see it only dimly,
 For your eyes are full of tears.
 But look beyond the setting sun,
 Look far into the West;
 A Golden Gate is opening there
 Upon a land that’s blest.
 Look there where golden poppies grow
 Beneath a golden sun;
 ‘Youth’s golden visions come and go’
 A glorious land to come!

“What joy to live in thee, bright clime,
 What glorious wealth is thine!
 The sons of all the earth thy care,
 Earth, sky, and sea, all passing fair!
 O land in days that are to be,
 O land far off across the sea,
 What heritage to thee will fall,
 How blest thy sons and daughters all!

“O loyal heart, to me proved true,
 Such the vision I show to you.
 Go bid our own and future sages
 Prepart for this visiou of distant ages.”

* * * * *

The great king then passed to that wide sea
 That mortals have named Eternity.

O you, who chose a poppy gold
 And words from that great king of old,
 Your flower reflest a shining light
 As it turns its face to that glorious height.
 Your motto reflects the spirit of love
 That a great king felt for his God above.
 Light and love! Both come to you!
 Your new day breaks. Be true! Be true!

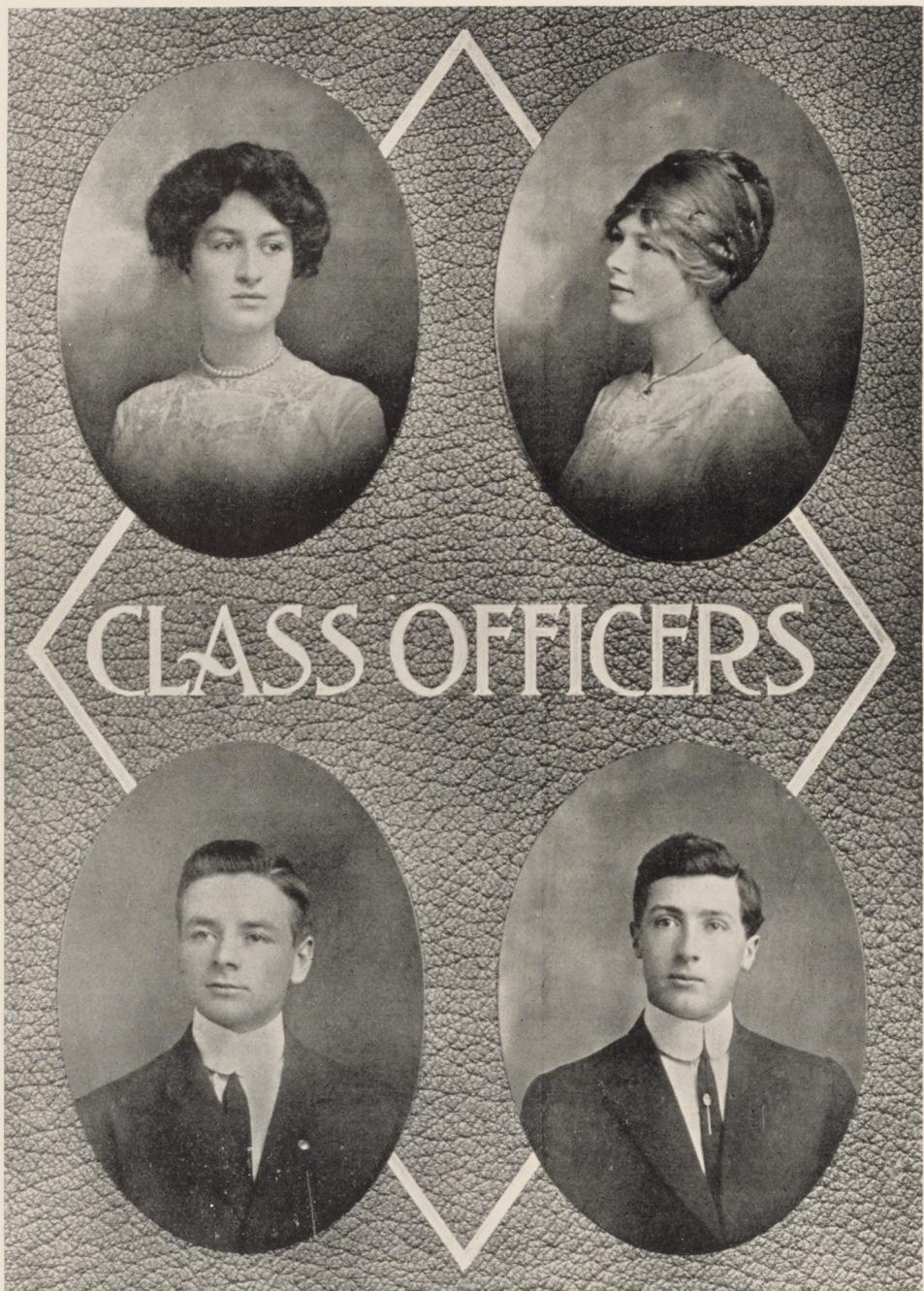
Class of June, '12

With Honors

Victor Anderson
Hattie Helmich Brand
Alice de Barnardi
Kathleen Miller
Jessie Elaine Mallory
Eva Ruth Nydegger
Ames Peterson
R. Laverne Sutherland
Alfred Shelton
Adah Smith
Edith Virginia Sanford
Dorothy Eleanor Westrup

Reyna Berka
Ida Catherine Haynie
Hazel B. Cameron
Donald Boyce Cameron
Charles L. Clark
Grace Dougherty
Ruth G. Fenton
Theoline Farnlof
Bernice Louise Hocker
Gladys Esther Hodgson
Idah Marie Haynie
Louise Davidson Ingle
Bessie Felismina Joaquin
Rodney Thomas Jones
Evelyn Goldie Johnson

Vernon King
Adelbert V. La Due
Will A. Lambert
Violet Gertrude Marcille
Zilla Elaine Moore
Marian Florence Maddux
Le Roy G. Miller
Doris Meyer
Edna Langley Pierce
Katherine I. Sheppard
Carolyn Lee St. Clair
Catherine Luella Sibbald
Roy Simpson
Mary Ruth Thompson
Eleanor Margueriette Wilson
Edwin Earl Wilson



Dorothy Westrup, Vice-President
Rodney Jones, Representative

Adah Smith, Secretary
Vernon King, President



Edith Sanford
Ida Casassa
Donald Cameron

Ruth Nydegger
Edna Pierce
Charles Clark



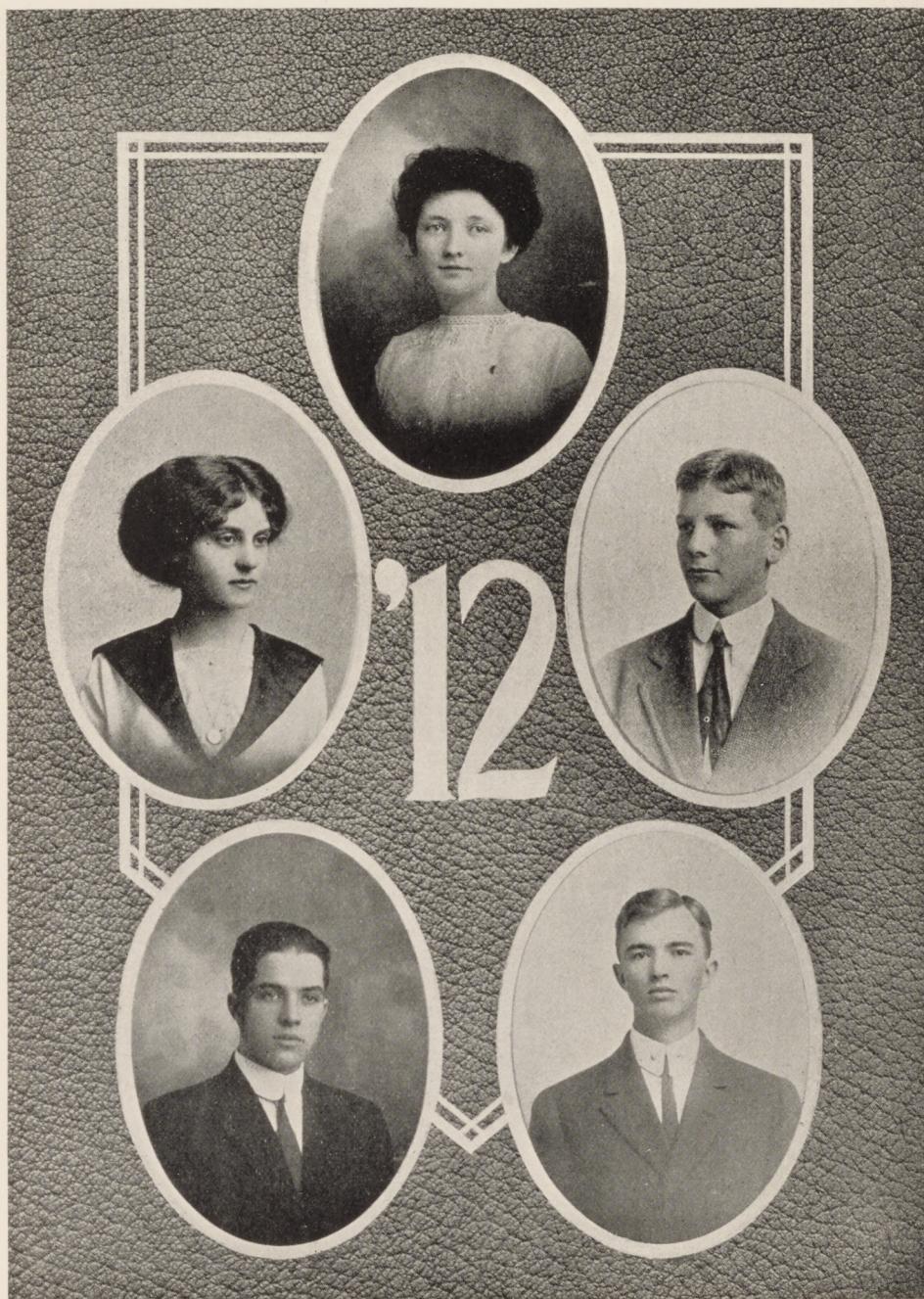
Alfred Shelton

Hazel Cameron

Bernice Hocker

Doris Meyer

Ruth Fenton



Hattie Brand

Idah Haynie
Roy Simpson

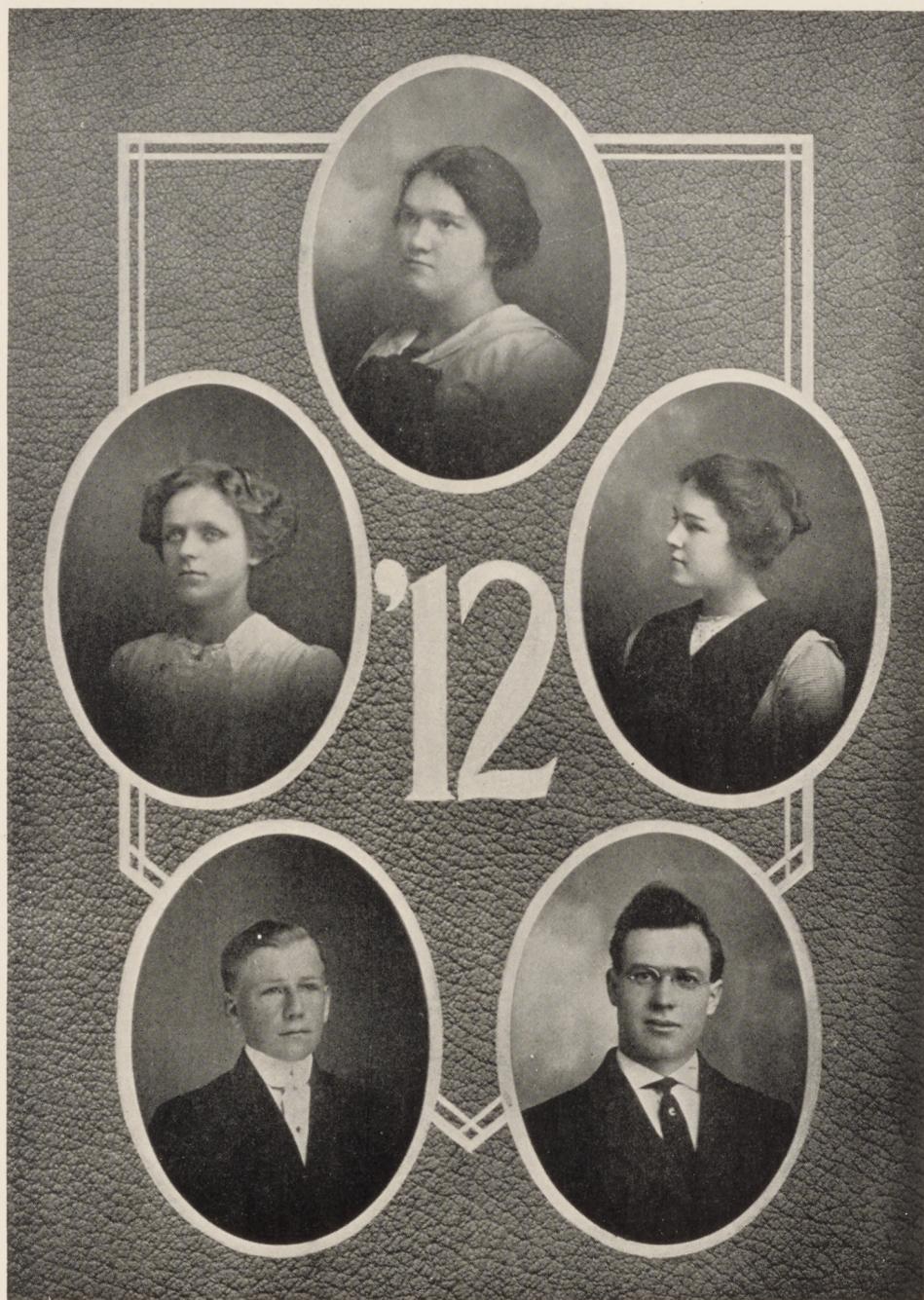
Ames Peterson
Laverne Sutherland



Carolyn St. Claire
Katherine Shepard

Kathleen Miller

Grace Dougherty
Ruth Thompson



Margaret Wilson

Zilla Moore

Victor Anderson

Elaine Mallory

Adelbert La Due

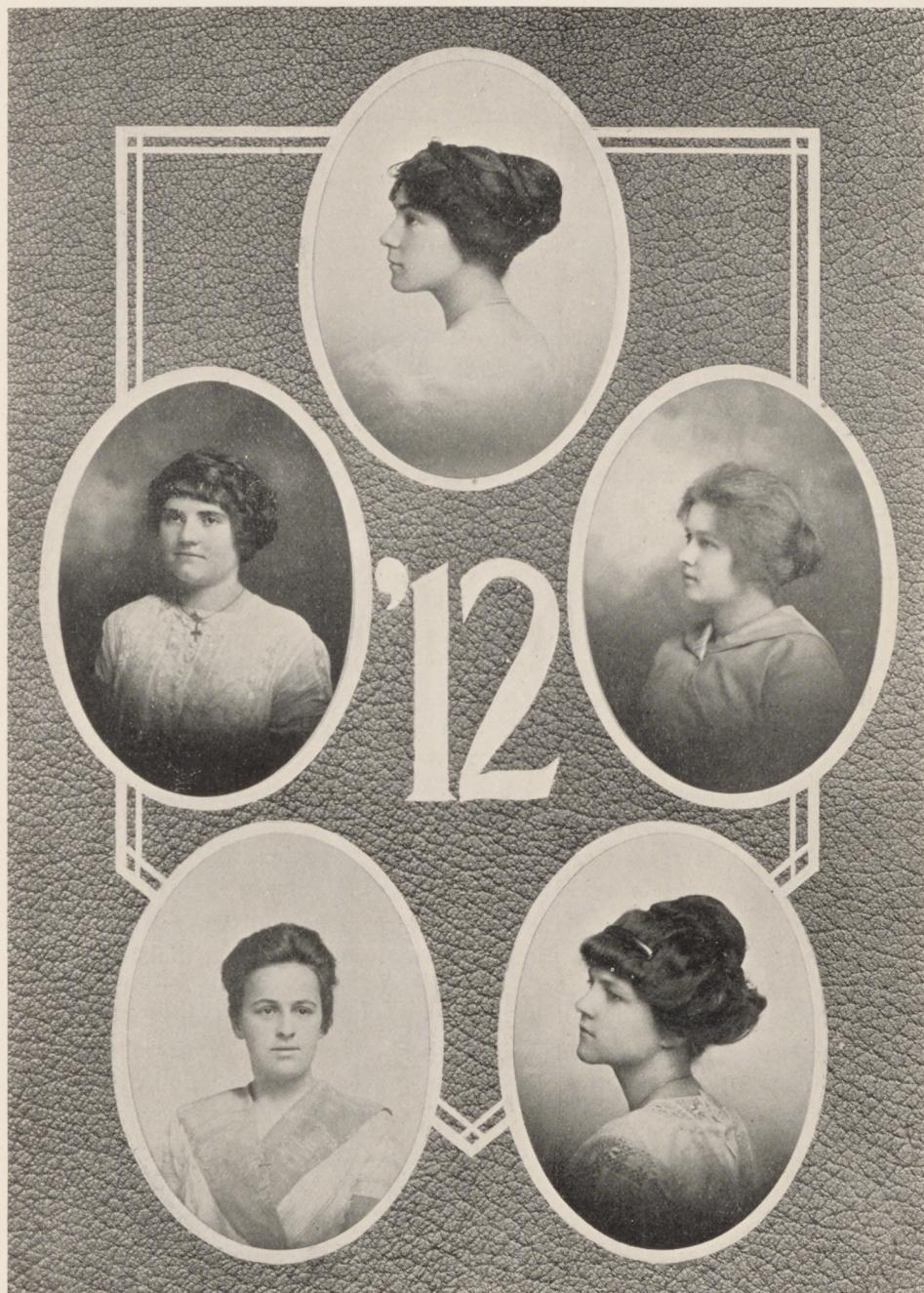


Reyna Berka

Le Roy Miller

Luella Sibbald

Evelyn Johnson
Earl Wilson



Bessie Joaquin

Marian Maddux

Alice de Bernardi

Theoline Farnlof

Gladys Hodgson

High School Memories

Hattie Brand and Roy Simpson.

TWAS the night before graduation, and, as we sat musing in the warm June twilight, the pleasant memories of dear old High School days surged through our brains like ocean breakers through a narrow inlet. Involuntarily, our thoughts went back to that golden September day in 1908, when fifty-three graduates of the grammar schools awaited their registration papers in the hall of the High School. Would the name of Freshmen have applied to us? The other pupils certainly seemed to think so, and I imagine that our terror was quite evident, as we answered the questions of the principal, C. L. Searcy, of whom we stood in awe.

When, after our history had been inquired into, we were each given a small white card, we took it with fear and trembling to the teachers.

Some of us embarked on the difficult path of Latin, with no fear of the trials to come. Others chose German; and algebra seemed common to all. We were next given front seats in the study hall and by this time we began to realize with indignation that we were considered insignificant and small by the other students. Alas for Freshman pride! It suffered severely under the sarcastic remarks of those whom we took for Seniors, but whom we afterwards learned were only Sophomores. "See the dear little Freshie," "Mama's little darling," and "Ain't he cute," were frequently heard, and the scorn of those words rankled bitterly in our hearts. We resolved that if we ever survived our Freshman year we would have revenge on other Freshmen. Sad to say, we fulfilled that prophecy.

Soon after our entrance, our class organized and chose officers. We also chose class colors—blue and gold—and at the interclass field meet the Freshmen were quite in evidence by their voluminous colors.

In that first year we were models of propriety, and learned that Freshmen were looked upon as the scum of the earth, and Seniors, the salt of it (by the Seniors.) However, in the next year, difficulties beset our path. The dreadful battle we fought with Caesar generally worsted most of us, and at last some gave it up in despair, while others started on a path called "Bluffing." But, sad to repeat, these last ended up in a thorny wood of brambles, from which they emerged, much tattered, to desert Caesar forever.

Those who had taken up German fared easier, but even some of them were lost by the way. So much for the difficulties of this second year. However, we were not without renown.

The boys in our class were fast developing athletic ability and the track team began to wake up and take notice. The names of Clark, Jones, King and Wilson became inscribed on the programs of field meets. Their fame spread abroad and was duly recognized.

In the sphere of basketball was our class talent appreciated, for very soon, Jones, Miller and Wilson became star players. As for the girls, who

can show a brighter record in basketball than Ida, while Alice De is not far behind.

Another vacation passed away and as happy-go-lucky Juniors we persevered in our difficult march up the pathway of knowledge. This year the stumbling blocks were few and our assurance much increased, but when one ambled peacefully through forty minutes of English VI. only to bring up against Cicero, who loomed, cold and insurmountable as an iceberg on the deserted sea, the shock was more than any but the exceedingly hardy could withstand. More deserted the ranks day by day, until only six or seven faithful ones remained in Latin III.

As Juniors, our aid became indispensable to The Echo. With Roy Simpson as business manager, and Carrie St. Claire, Dorothy Westrup, La-verne Sutherland, Edith Sanford and others as authors, The Echo advanced to a high post in the literary world.

This year also the musical talent of the class became much in evidence. As musicians, Reyna, Dorothy and Elaine excelled, and their spirited rendering of popular songs drew forth bursts of applause from the delighted students. I smiled as I thought of the delight in the basement piano, which was seldom silent.

In debating, our class had done its share and it was a Junior whose name became inscribed on the debating cup.

"But, how fared the athletes this year?" some one asks. Truly, athletics had soared. The trophies became so numerous that the departing class of June '11, presented the school with a trophy cabinet, which was greatly appreciated. Among these athletes new faces were to be seen, for Peterson in the hurdle races, and Cameron in the "sprints," became most proficient.

Then, the memories of this last happy year presented themselves and our hearts grew sad, as we thought of all we were leaving.

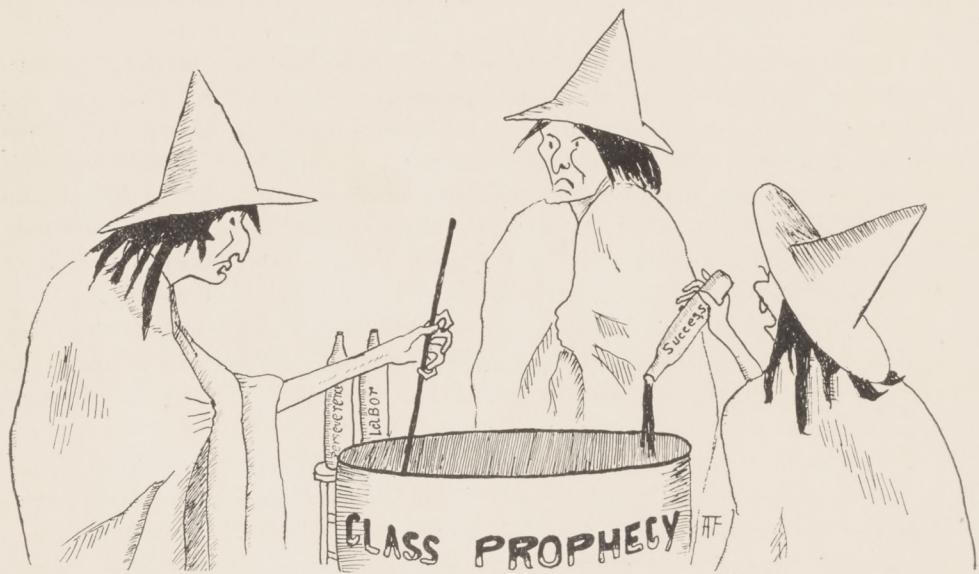
Through the mazes of English VII., Physics, Chemistry, Algebra III., Trig., and Civics, our class had found its way. Nothing had been left undone. As orators, the class has added A. Shelton, L. Sutherland and R. Simpson to the Debating Society.

The athletes had become our joy and pride. On the field, Santa Rosa had lost but very few events.

Then, I thought of The Echo staff. Surely our loss would be deeply felt, for, with the Seniors as authors and editors, the paper had been built up amazingly.

Through our Senior year, President King had led our class on to graduation. Our class play had been successfully given. It was generally conceded that "What Happened to Jones" had been a "howling success." We had chosen the California Poppy for our class flower and "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," as our motto.

Then one thought flashed through our minds. By our ability and perseverance since we entered as Freshmen, we had attained great influence and knowledge, and now had come the sad yet happy parting with the dear old High School days.



By Alfred Shelton, assisted by
Ames Peterson, Ruth Thompson, Hattie Brand and Luella Sibbald.



AM an old man. Seventy summers have come and gone since I last passed through the portals of the Santa Rosa High. My shoulders are stooped, my face is seamed with the wrinkles of age, my hair is white, my eyes are dimmed, and my fingers tremble as they touch the delicate instruments in my laboratory. Yesterday, I placed upon the table before me a piece of stone, a wonderful crystal which had baffled the scientists of the world. It had been brought to me, that I might report upon its composition and mineral formation; but once its mystic qualities baffled human knowledge. So hard was that stone that no instrument in my laboratory could mark it, so brilliant were the many sparkling points of light within, that diamonds were dim in comparison. As hour after hour sped by, closer and closer drew the shrouds of mystery around this wonderful stone. Wearied by the labor, my head drooped forward, as, through half-closed lids, I gazed in silent wonder upon the myriad lights in this crystalline formation before me. Lo! As I beheld, far in the depths of the stone appeared a new and beautiful light. Larger and larger it grew, and deeper and deeper in intensity, until it had emerged from the myriad lights around it, and had sent its slender shaft of blue across the room, as the intense reflection from some tiny mirror. Out through the open window, over the roofs of the city, over rivers, valleys, and mountains, far beyond the scope of human vision, sped this thread of light, and, as I sat, amazed by the wonder of it all, a vivid picture flashed before my mind and I knew that I had discovered the "Magic Stone." Scarcely dared I breathe, lest I destroy the spell, nor yet could I forbear to say, "Oh, tell me! what has become of the class of nineteen twelve?"

Slowly the slender shaft of light swung to the left, and came to rest in a quaint little church yard, in a quiet valley, far over the seas. It had carried me back to a scene of thirty years before: A quaint little wedding ceremony was in progress, and, as I gazed, lo and behold! the blushing bride was no other than my old classmate, Bernice Hocker. Only a few words could I catch. The deacon asked, "Your age?" And she blushingly answered, "Forty-seven." Forgetful of the date, the old deacon turned for the calendar on the wall, but the calendar was gone. In despair, he turned to the bride and asked, "Is this the fifth or the sixth?" And again she blushingly answered, "No, deacon, this is only my first."

Then, the magic ray of light swung upward, piercing even to the gates of heaven itself. A long line of poor souls stood waiting entrance there. Whispers and murmurs could I hear, "Terrible—awful! Someone is arguing with St. Peter. Some poor soul has disputed St. Peter's word!" The light shone on the gate itself. Only Alice De Bernardi!

Back to earth came the ray of light, and over the seas to sunny France. A fair graduate of 1912 was there, Ruth Fenton, a ballet dancer in a vaudeville show.

Again to our native land, to the little town of Boonville, came the light. There, upon prancing charger, authority and dignity in one, as chief of police, rode our old friend, Dorothy Westrup.

And upon the principal corner of this same Boonville, stood Miss Reyna Berka, proclaiming to all who would hear, the wonders of Dr. Fakim's New Hair Restorer.

And, in a pause in Miss Berka's declaration, a huge Buick touring car drew up at the curb, and a young woman, clad in smart traveling gown, alighted. It was no other than our own Gladys Hodgson, who, as traveling saleswoman, was touring the world, and, by her winning smiles and charming ways, selling thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of carpets and rugs, thereby gaining wealth for the furniture store for which she was working.

The light then fell upon a lovely home in the beautiful orange groves of the sunny South. Kathleen Miller was there, as care-taker of this "Home for Bachelor Maids," and so faithfully did she perform her duties that the opposite sex never ventured near.

I smiled as the rays dropped to an old familiar circus tent, and I smiled again, when I recognized, as the professional fat woman, Ida Haynie.

The light swung away to a large city, and there, in one of the great department houses, a familiar personage was much in evidence. It was Evelyn Johnson, who, with commanding tone and ringing voice, upheld her honor, the city's greatest auctioneer.

But now, friends, prepare for a sad and pathetic scene. The wonderful ray from the "Magic Stone" fell upon the walls of a large brick building. No, not a prison,—an asylum. A familiar face appeared at the window, and to my horror, I beheld our beloved leader of the good old high school days, Adah Smith. From one in charge of the institution, I learned that Adah's

sad condition was caused by extreme disappointment at her defeat for the candidacy for President. To my horror, I heard her giving martial orders, imagining she was Joan of Arc.

From such a scene the light swept away. Far to the Atlantic seaboard it swept, and came to rest within a wonderful building—the National Capitol at Washington. As an old man, aged and bent, having satisfied his great ambition to try the presidency in all its forms, in the presidential chair, sat our old classmate, Vernon King.

No landscape next greeted my view, for the ray of light fell full upon an important and pompous politician. A portly, benevolent old gentleman, with a waist line so complete that he could tie his shoes only with the aid of a mirror, was Earl Wilson himself, as he held the political world beneath the point of his thumb, making or unmaking anything from a Justice of the Peace to a President. He has aspired to and attained that mighty office,—Mayor of Fulton.

The light shone into a magnificent theatre in a great city. There Adelbert Ladue has startled the world by his sudden appearance on the stage. As a successful comedian, he has driven Kolb and Dill from the field of activities.

The light swept up the side of a mountain. In a lonely little hut, sat an old man, aged and bent. He once answered to the name of Charlie Clark. As he tore off page after page of manuscript, I realized that he was just finishing the ninety-fourth chapter of the thirty-seventh volume, of the three hundred and sixteen volumes of his treatise on "Joys of Life on the Farm."

Within the ray of light fell a scene which filled me with awe. In a secluded spot, away from the grasp of the police, a young man was carrying on the illegal business of promoting a prize fight. I trembled, as I saw, pitted against the great black hulk of Jack Johnson, America's pugilistic wonder, Rodney Jones.

A beautiful picnic ground, on the banks of a rushing stream, next fell within the range of light. There some young high school girls were enjoying themselves hugely by throwing stones into the water. They were under the watchful eye and strict care of their professional chaperon, Luella Sibbald.

Once more my vision came within a great city. There, upon a soap box, on the corner, an old man, so tall and thin that his shadow was engulfed in a crack in the sidewalk, preached to the crowd that surged around him. His oratorical effects were wonderful, magical, and in admiration I drew near. It was Laverne Sutherland, preaching the doctrines of Socialism.

Over land and sea the light traveled, and came to rest in far away New Zealand. There, teaching his converted Sunday School class his latest version of the Scripture, stood my old friend, Victor Anderson.

Once again, I beheld a city, and a great torchlight procession, led by no other than Ruth Nydegger, as she proudly displayed the banner emblazoned, "Votes for Women." At the end of the procession came an automobile, and, from the rear seat, Hattie Brand, her debating ability standing her in good stead, espoused the cause of woman's suffrage.

The light then fell upon a school, a young ladies' seminary. There, in the office, as matron, surrounded by books, papers, long curls, and cats, sat an old maid. One could hardly believe it was our own Ruth Thompson.

Then, for a long time the light rested upon one of our greatest universities, Stanford. There, in the music-room, in the center of a group of college boys, I recognized Carrie St. Clair. I learned that she had been at college ten years, but had never graduated, for she simply could not leave her gentleman friends, over whom she reigned supreme.

There, in the chapel, I beheld a nun. It was Edna Pierce, and I learned that she had entered upon a life of devotion, because her Berger had been killed in a shipwreck while on a voyage to Germany, whither she had intended to follow.

In one of the class rooms of this college, I beheld Hazel Cameron, who, having won honors in English VII., had followed her great desire, and had become a famed instructor in higher English.

Theoline Farnlof was there also, teaching German. So brilliant was her high school record in this subject that she had followed it with even greater success in college.

The light shifted, and fell upon a troupe of minstrels, parading the main street of a country village. Instantly my eyes lighted with joy at the sight of another friend, for no blacking on earth could hide the cheerful smile of Grace Dougherty.

I next saw the Waldorf Beauty Parlors, in San Francisco, and there, as chief hairdresser, appeared Bessie Joquin, now, as always, noted for her graceful arrangement of coiffures.

Then, again, I beheld the spreading tent of a circus, and again I smiled, as I saw, chief of the trapeze acrobats, our classmate, Margaret Wilson.

And there, in one of the side-show tents, where a motion picture show was in progress, I beheld our old friend, Elaine Mallory, singing illustrated songs, to the accompaniment of a screeching phonograph.

Another theatre came before my vision, as I beheld one of the great crowded opera houses in New York. A beautiful woman, in the role of Portia, appeared on the stage. Her grace and beauty called forth a thunder of applause, in which I could scarcely refrain from joining, when I recognized Doris Meyers.

The slender ray of light swung to fashionable Newport. There, in the most diminutive of bathing suits, surrounded by a group of young men, stood Katherine Sheppard. I could plainly see that she had taken the Newport world by storm and was a brilliant society belle.

In the next shifting of the light, I saw a neat little country school. The desks were filled with little folks, learning their ABC's, and at the teacher's desk sat Ida Cassassa.

Then appeared a new scene, a rice field in the far east. A group of unkemp, half-clad, heathen Chinamen were listening in open-mouthed wonder

to the words of wisdom of one of America's greatest missionaries, Zilla Moore.

Into a large newspaper office now shone the light. At one desk a figure seemed strangely familiar. It was Edith Sanford, who, from editor of The Echo, had arisen through all the stages of success in modern journalism, and was now sporting editor of the "War Cry."

Another crowded street corner greeted my view. From a huge drygoods box a little, wizened old man was giving away samples of something, and telling everybody all about the wonders of it. I looked closer and more carefully. It was Ames Peterson, who had made a wonderful discovery in an absolutely safe and harmless hair-restorer for hen-pecked husbands.

A high school then fell within the range of light. Among the graduates upon the platform, receiving his diploma, for which he had been striving for so many years, stood my old friend, Roy Miller.

The magic ray of light next fell upon a court scene in old England. It was an imposing spectacle, and there, important and dignified, as an American ambassador should be, sat Donald Cameron.

Then, strong, full, and clear, the wonderful ray lighted up a great educational building, America's largest Normal school. A young man, with a bunch of sweet peas in his hand, was passing down the corridor. Even from the sweet peas I could have told it was Roy Simpson. I realized then, by the wonderful ray from the "Magic Stone," that he was striving to perfect himself in the art of school teaching, that he might teach the Commercial department of the Sleepy Hollow High School. But alas! He was never able to graduate, for he simply could not get over his old high school failing of spending all his time in an endeavor to create a good impression on the fair teachers around him.

A great cloud swept by the window of my laboratory. The slender shaft of light from the "Magic Stone" grew smaller and smaller, lingered a moment, and disappeared. Only a broken fragment of crystal rock lay on the table before me. I rushed to the open window and looked out. The roofs of the city alone were spread out around me. Exhausted by the excitement, I sank into a nearby chair, and my head drooped lower and lower upon my breast. Only the myriad points of light shone in the broken crystal before me. In vain did I wonder, and ask aloud, "Oh, tell me! What has become of the wonderful ray which has shown me the future of the class of nineteen twelve?"



Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1912

WE, the members of the illustrious class of 1912, knowing that the end is at hand, and wishing all our affairs to be left in perfect order, do hereby make out last will and testament as follows:

I, Victor Anderson, leave my fame as being the crack tag player, to Fred Pederson; my ability as a bicycle speed-burner, to Alfred Gemetti.

My ability to cram a High School course into three years, I, Hattie Brand, do gladly leave to Weston Anderson, hoping he will benefit by my gift. My position on the debating team I will to Jesse Lingenfelter.

I, Reyna Berka, knowing that my days are numbered, do will my precious green hat to Eloise Yarnell, that she may not come to school bare-headed. My ability as a pianist, I leave to Charles Roberts, that he may improve his beloved tune, "Casey Jones."

I, Donald Cameron, on this solemn occasion, do bequeath to Leo Sullivan, my ability to behave during the teacher's absence from class; my excessive avoirdupois to Marshall Paxton.

I, Charles Clark, bequeath my prominent Roman nose to Kinley Ahl. To Clyde Stewart, I leave my old shoes, hoping that they will not fit him so tight, but still cling to him as they have to me.

My coy smile, I, Hazel Cameron, leave to Mabel Rayner, as an addition to her own demure manners and appearance. My love for English VI., I will to the next unlucky one who fails to appreciate the interesting side of that subject.

I, Ida Cassassa, do hereby bequeath to Elizabeth Hendren, my faculty for using the wrong word at the right time. The ease with which I can master shorthand, I leave to Mae Andrews. My superfluous credits, I give to Crystal Lambert, knowing that she will appreciate the gift.

I, the great and illustrious Alice D' Bernardi, reluctantly bequeath my marvelous, incomparable, unparalleled, wonderful, supernatural, and boundless wisdom, to the various members of the faculty, hoping they will appreciate my generosity and my self-sacrifice. My ability to work Mr. Steele for an "E" in History, I will to my beloved sister, Tillie, hoping she will find the gift useful.

To Genevieve Collins, I, Grace Dougherty, bequeath my beautiful curly hair, to add to her own store. My affection for those dear boys, I leave to Olivia Smith. My merry, twinkling eyes, I give to Helen Cochrane, hoping they will relieve the shade of seriousness upon her face.

I, Ruth Fenton, leave my studious habits to Fred Pederson. My ability to cut penmanship successfully, whenever the occasion demands, I pass on to the next one who realizes the occasional necessity.

I, Theoline Farnlof, after thoughtful consideration, have decided to leave my cute little brother, Arthur, to Genevieve Collins, hoping she will

fully appreciate this long-sought-for prize. My rosy cheeks, I willingly leave to Helen Fraser, and also give a guarantee that they will neither fade nor lose their color on rainy days, and also that they can be washed with perfect safety.

To Gertrude Lee, I, Bernice Hocker, leave my English binders, also my history note-books, scientific experiments, and any other books or papers which may prove valuable to her in the pursuit of the Muses. My long, white sweater, I leave to Alice Koford, knowing it will be a perfect fit. My rough neck, I leave to her brother, Edward, advising him, however, to have it dyed blue or grey, as white is a very delicate color, and I fear that said sweater will bear but little washing.

Hereby, I, Idah Haynie, bequeath my soulful eyes to Tillie De Bernardi, hoping she will use them as effectively as I have done. Constancy to a single coiffure, I leave to Allison Dickson, requesting her to cease the variations of her own.

I, Gladys Hodgson, do will my dearest possessions as follows: My numerous array of embroidered peplums, I leave to Margaret Forsyth; my case on Fred Pederson, I leave to anyone who can succeed in "cutting me out"; my neat look, together with my rats, etc., I leave to Ruth Anderson.

I, Evelyn Johnson, do leave my numerous "Es" to my little cousin, Juliet, knowing she is sadly in need. My forward ways, I leave to Matilda Nelson.

I, Bessie Joaquin, have consented to will to Jesse Lingenfelter, the secret of how I make my famous animated discussions in English.

I, Rodney Jones, bestow my wonderful ability as a queener, to Albert Hockins, hoping it will cause him to become more sociable. My old orange and black necktie, I will to Sterling Coulter, and my ability to make the track team, to Lawrence Chapman.

I, Vernon King, as president of this most illustrious class, do bequeath my executive ability to the next poor unforunate who is elected president, hoping he will not lose as much sleep over it as I have. My success as a hammer-thrower, I leave to Carl Steinnort.

I, Adelbert La Due, leave to Chas. Parrish my studious ways. I bequeath to William Morrow, my extra pair of eyes, thinking it will greatly improve his visage. To Miss Mailer, I leave my dear old fiddle.

I, Elaine Mallory, do hereby, in my last will and testament, will my art of oratory, in the civics class, to Frances Ahl; my love for algebra, I leave to my dear little brother, Herbert.

I, Zilla Moore, cheerfully bequeath my hearty peals of laughter in History IV., to any sorrowful Junior who may be unable to see anything cheerful in that subject. My impertinence, I pass on to Mildred Turner.

I, Marion Maddux, hereby bequeath my wealth of golden hair to Mildred Wilkinson. My freckles, I leave to be distributed equally among the Freshmen boys.

I, Kathleen Miller, do bequeath my adorable smile to Al. Hockins, that

he may not continually wear such a sorrowful expression. My meek and passive ways, I leave to Clair Coltrin, that she may not be so boisterous.

I, Doris Meyers, in this, my last will and testament, do reluctantly give my share of the mirrors in the girls' basement, to Helen Sawyer. My beautiful marcell wave, I leave to Anita Nathanson. My ability as an actress, I leave to Pauline Clark.

I, the great Le Roy Miller, hand down my "S" sweater to "Cotton," hoping it will make him as great a basketball shark as I have been in the past. My ability to cut school, I leave to Gladys Gilman; and my pipe, to Weston Anderson, hoping he will be able to keep it out of sight as well as I have.

I, Ruth Nydegger, leave to Weston Anderson, my English VII. binder, as I am confident it can bear his father's inspection. My large, brown, wistful eyes, I leave to Beryl Le Baron.

I, Ames Peterson, bequeath my cute and winning smile to Norman McPeak. My athletic school spirit, I leave to Chas. Roberts.

Fearfully, and with a broken heart, I, Edna Pierce, do bequeath the care of Otto Berger to Gertrude Lee. My eyes of sky-blue, together with my golden locks, I leave to Mary Joaquin. The skyward tilt of my nose, I desire to leave to Gwen. Overton.

I, Katherine Sheppard, hereby solemnly bequeath my carefully-concealed Latin ponies to Helen Geary, with the understanding that they are always to be kept out of sight. To Ruth Johnson, I leave 3 feet and 18 inches of my height.

I, Luella Sibbald, do bequeath my pink cheeks to Elaine Norton. My big, coquettish eyes I leave to Gladys Berry, as a token of my esteem. win the graces of the faculty. My striped sweater I do solemnly leave to Ruth Johnson.

I, Laverne Sutherland, on this last and serious occasion, do will to "Mexico," my natural diligence. My ability as an author, I leave to Clifford Merritt.

I, Alfred Shelton, before departing from this hall of learning, wish to bequeath my great stature to Edward Koford. My wonderful voice I will to Raegan Talbot, hoping that he will entertain the student body as often as I have.

The editorship of The Echo, I, Edith Sanford, do herein will to whoever has the misfortune of being elected to that dignified office. My love for ratless hair, I leave to Blanch Bonnard.

I, Roy Simpson, will to John Mitchell, my perpetual, straight back hair comb, hoping that it will improve his appearance more than it has mine. My stand in with Mary Coleman, I leave to "Bill" Morrow.

I, Carolyn Lee St. Clair, do bequeath my royal dignity to Ruth Overton, hoping she will mend her boisterous ways. To Ruth Landers, I leave my affection for Clarendon Anderson and Marshall Paxton. My dear old plaid skirt I leave to Gladys Berry, as a token of my esteem.

I, Adah Smith, do hereby make my last will and testament. I leave to

Helen Fraser my good opinion of myself. My numerous "admirers," I leave to be divided among the girls of the school, hoping there are enough to go around. My faculty for doing my hair, I leave to Florence Adams.

To Abbie Wilkinson, I, Ruth Thompson, leave my art of flirting. I ask Ruth Dickson to lay aside her mannish stride and accept my dainty little step instead. My popularity with the sterner sex, I leave to Grace Bradford.

I Earl Wilson, do impart to Stewart Rogers my case of swell-head, and my dear old track suit to Lester Nathanson, knowing that he is highly interested in athletics.

To Esther Sinclair, I, Margaret Wilson, leave my extreme slenderness. My intense interest in the science of Civil Government, I will to Georgeina Hall, hoping it will give her a good "stand in" with Mr. Steele.

I, Dorothy Westrup, donate to Gladys Carithers, a small volume on "How to Become Graceful." To Esther Gilkey, I leave all my remarkable ability to bluff.

We, as a class, leave our few remaining dollars (if we have any), to Mr. Searcy, requesting him to buy a cot for Bud Berry, so that he will be able to rest with greater ease and comfort in the study hall.

GRACE DOUGHERTY,
RODNEY JONES,
BERNICE HOCKER,
RUTH NYDEGGER,
EARL WILSON.



THE CLASS JUST AS IT IS

By Hattie Brand, Laverne Sutherland and Roy Simpson

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Redeeming Feature	Favorite Retreat	Ambition	Occupation
Victor Anderson	Vic	Wise	Chemistry	Oh, Heck!	Necktie	Windsor	To be a miner	Studying
Hattie Brand	Harry	Stately	Trig.	Oh! I don't know.	Sweet voice	Orange Street	To be a teacher	Milkmaid
Reyna Berka	(?)	Boisterous	Arithmetic	Oh, mercy!	Her hair	The Park	To be an actress	Cutting (?)
Donald Cameron	Don	Cute	Bluffing	(Too many to tell)	His smile	Windsor	To be a farmer	Queening
Hazel Cameron	Jeff	Sour	Queening	Well!	Those eyes	Wherever Jeff is	To be a star	Studying Civics
Ida Casassa	Cass	Indifferent	Orating (?)	Is that right	Her mouth	Hairdresser's	To be a society belle	Cinching (?)
Charles Clark	Chop	Sawdoff	Teasing	Oh, ho!	Small feet	Church	To run a water wagon	Has none
Alice De Bernardi	Al	Fiery	Bluffing in Civics	Well! What about it?	Her tongue	Everywhere	To be a ballet dancer	Eating
Grace Doughtery	Cupid	Loud	Posing	Simply keen!	Her little mouth	Physics Lab.	To be a kindergarten teacher	Entertaining
Ruth Fenton	Rut	Noisy	Flirting	Gee, Whiz!	Her smile	Corner store	To be a college Prof.	Being serious
Theoline Farnlof	Tay	Mischievous	Physics	Fudge!	Willowy form	The Nick,	To be an inventor	Keeping out of work
Bernice Hocker	Bun	Tall	Talking	I don't know a thing	All of them	The Rose	To marry a duke	Writing Chem. formulas
Ida Haynie	Idie	Short	Civics	I'll slap you	Her walk	Skating rink	To be a prima donna	Being graceful
Gladys Hodgson	Glad	Coy	Housekeeping	Gee! that's great	Coiffure	Pete's auto	To look cute	Joy riding
Evelyn Johnson	Ardy	Lively	School	Oh for lands sake!	Her fast walk	Hasn't arrived there yet	To go to college	Hist. IV.
Bessie Joaquin	Bess	Happy	Mech. Draw.	Gee, Whillikins!	Hair	Room ²	To graduate	Eng. VII.
Rodney Jones	Jones	Classy	Trig.	! ! !	Red tie	Study Hall	To be a civil engineer	Athletics
Vernon King	King	Gentle	English	Say!	His smile	Petaluma	To be a Queenology teacher	Guess
Adelbert LaDue	Deb	Innocent	Cutting	I don't understand that, Mr. Searcy	Gold tooth	Her house	To be an engineer	Flirting

THE CLASS JUST AS IT IS

By Hattie Brand, Laverne Sutherland and Roy Simpson

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Redeeming Feature	Favorite Retreat	Ambition	Occupation
Marion Maddux	Mad	Quiet	Cutting	How much Latin have you?	Hair	Buggy riding	To graduate	Latin
Elaine Mallory	Nell	Wild	Music	I don't know	Walk	Home	Get rich	Teaching
Zilla Moore	Zil	Childish	Boys	Gee! kid	Ears	Bernardi Hotel	To be an old maid	Giggling
Kathleen Miller	Katie	Slow	Acting	Cute	Now, looka here, we oughta	Quietness	Hills	Cramming
Doris Meyer	Dot	Calm	Fixing hair	Say, kid!	Her hair	Theaterette	(?)	Bluffing
Roy Miller	Dusty	Fresh	Hitting pipe	It's a H—of a way	That laugh	Behind the store	To be a circus clown	Farming
Ruth Nydæger	Nyddie	Coquettish	Harmonious	My Gracious!	Great big beauti- ful eyes	The Study Hall	To be an angel	Cheating (?)
Ames Peterson	Pete	Saucy	English	Sure thing!	Brown suit	Coon's barn	To get a girl	Making faces
Edna Pierce	Pierce	Angelic	Boys	Any old time!	Kinky hair	The Elite	To look wise	Scowling
Katherine Sheppard	Kate	Sweet	Posing	Oh, Gee!	Dainty ways	Library	To teach Chemistry	Dancing
Alfred Shelton	Shelt	Loud	Girls	Now, I'll tell you	His height	Pool room	To be a Rhinoceror- nithologist	Queening
Luella Sibbald	Babe	Slender	Cutting	By Jinks!	Amiability	Dictionary	To be a chaperon	Primping
Laverne Sutherland	Sut	Fat	Math.	Ma' Goodness!	His curly hair	Office	To edit Fulton Daily	Writing
Edith Sanford	Edie	Blank	Editing Echo	Gracious!	Her loving ways	Office	A home for two.	Playing
Roy Simpson	Simp	Sweet	Chem.	Gee! that's classy	Voice	Chem. Lab.	To be a Prof.	Farm hand
Carolyn St. Clair	Carrie	Demure	Hist. IV.	None of that now	Expression	Room 11	To teach Civics	Cutting
Adah Smith	Has none	Sour	To rule	Goody!	Her frown	Automobiling with (?)	To teach school	Cramming
Ruth Thompson	Tommie	12 at most	Being serious	Oh! cut it out	Her frigid (?) manner	The motorcycle	To be a lady's maid	Painting
Margaret Wilson	Mag	Delicate	Waltzing	Take it from me	Grecian profile	The new machine	To run a ranch	Painting (?)
Earl Wilson	Freshman	Fast	Speeding	Oh! my	Black eyes	Yellow house on College Ave.	To be a chauffeur	Basketball
Dorothy Westrup	Dolly	Important	Roughhousing	Heavens and Earth	Her height	On horseback	To be a teacher (?)	Presiding at Glee Club

Literary

THE STORM

S. Rogers '15.

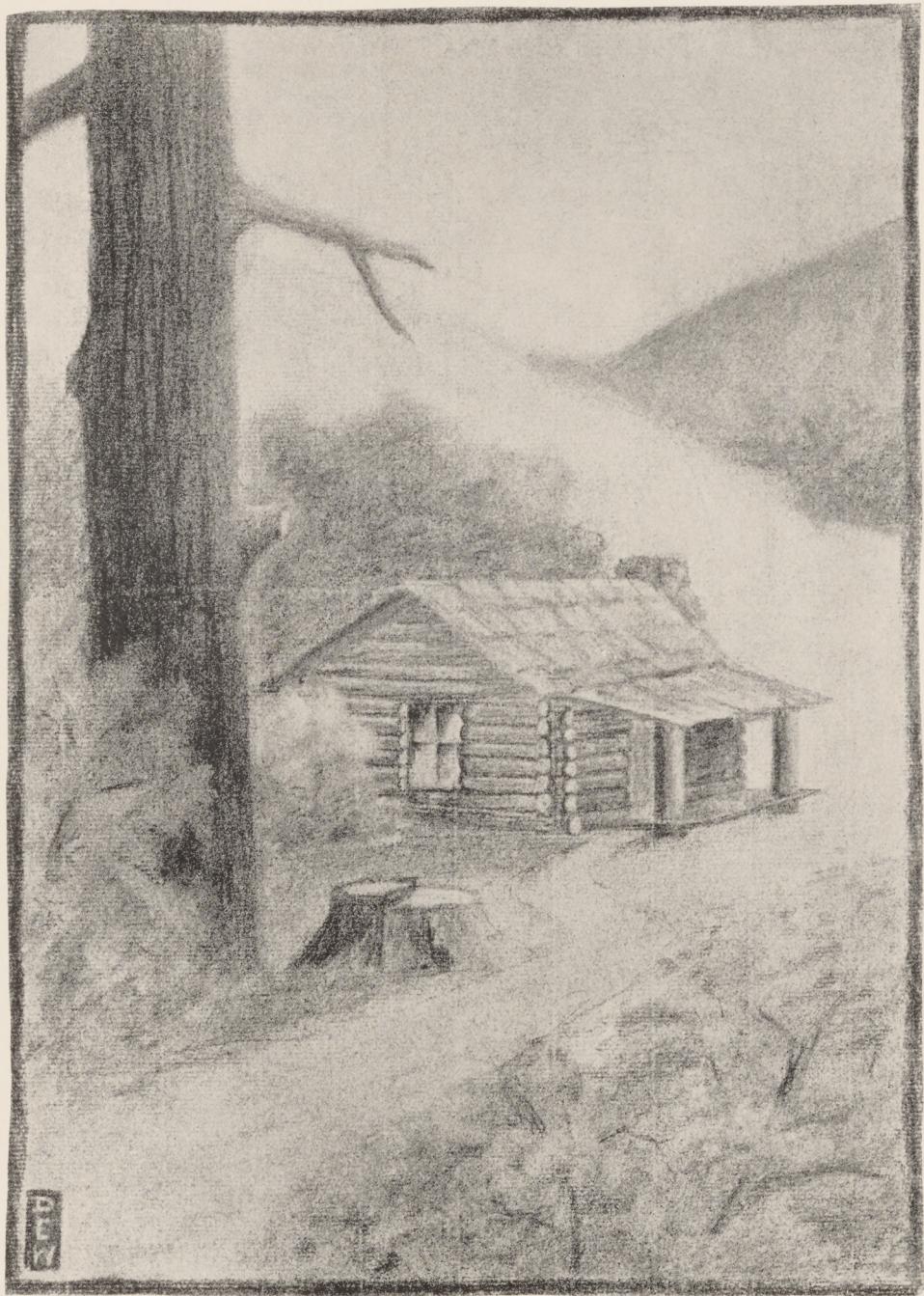
The wind is blowing from the south,
It comes as from the cannon's mouth;
The day grows late, and naught have I heard,
From her that's sailing afar like a bird.

All day have I tried, but it is in vain,
To catch her from my wireless lane;
My message goes, but no "OK"
From that proud ship, so far away.

The night is near, the storm grows worse,
But no news yet from her afar;
I sit at my station and call in vain,
That ship across the mighty main.

I call and call that ship in distress,
No answer I get, when the key I do press.
I listen and listen as the hours grow late,
No message received; that ship I debate.

The bells are ringing, the people singing,
Of the dear ones that are no more;
I sit and listen, to the sad ones singing,
Outside of my cabin door.

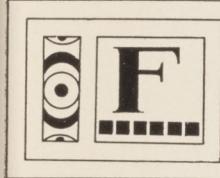


The Hermit's Cabin

The Hermit's Trail

Note--Winner of Prize Cup in Literary Contest, 1912

Mildred Wadsworth.



OLLOWING the course of a murmuring brook, is a path which leads to a hermit's home. If one were seeking the beauties of nature, this trail would invariably be overlooked; for the opening before it remains forever exposed to the sun. But one need only step beyond this dusty space, to reach the cool trail to the hermit's retirement.

The warm rays of the morning sun were just gilding the mountain crests and flecking the river with silver. Basking and winking in the sun, the lizards stretched upon the rocks, but, at our approach, they scurried through the dry grass.

Such a morning as this inspired us with new life, and we hurried onward. Passing from this warm, open country, we wended our way through the overhanging laurel. They diffused the air with a spicy fragrance, which seemed most refreshing after our walk in the warm sunlight. A tinkling sound was wafted on the breeze, and turning to listen, we espied a small stream tumbling from sight over a huge boulder. On either side of its banks grew maiden-hair fern and large brakes. Everything was green. Even the brook reflected the emerald hue above it. With one accord our party stooped to drink, and found the water cool and refreshing. Lifting our heads from the stream, we saw before us a miniature rustic bridge. Beneath it, a pool lay black in the shadows. As we stepped from our path, the frogs jumped into the pool; rippling its surface in circles, that grew larger as they reached the mossy bank.

The path now grew more abrupt, while the ferns and the underbrush became more abundant. We missed the fragrant laurel from the hillside, but saw, in its stead, gnarled oaks and smooth madrones. The trees along the trail helped us in our ascent; for we were forced to use them to aid us in our climb. Rude stairs had been fashioned in the hillside, but, even with their help, our climb was most difficult. Panting for breath and searching eagerly for shade, we at length reached the top of the mountain.

Upon first reaching the top, we had given little heed to the view, but now we rose to our feet and gazed silently upon the landscape. Before us lay the valley of the Russian River. Against the western sky, the mountains, with their stately redwoods, loomed clear and distinct. Sweet-blossomed fruit trees grew on the foothills, and near them, checkered vineyards stretched as far as the eye could reach. Like a serpent, the river, glistening in the sun, wound in and out of the valley.

As we were gazing on this scene, we heard a faint, though shrill, whistle. At the same moment, through a gap in the trees, the smoke of an engine appeared. The train flew on its zigzag journey, leaving behind it a hazy coil of smoke. At last it stopped at the station below, and we saw the people

mingled in tiny, motley groups. Again the train was in motion, and, gradually gaining in speed, it disappeared behind the mountain.

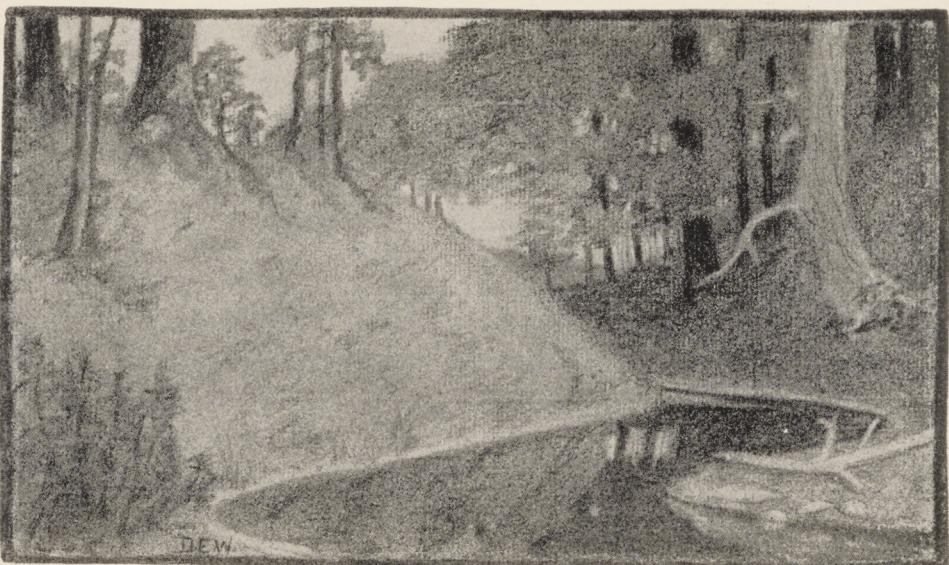
Our party now began to descend the opposite side of the mountain. The path was carpeted with brown, dry, leaves, making a soft rustle as we walked. We seemed to have passed into a region of darkness, for the trees formed an archway, which shut out the sunlight. The ground was damp, forming soft beds of lacy ferns that grew in abundance along the path. Trickling through one of these ferny banks was a spring, the mineral water of which left an iron tinge upon the ground. As we were observing the spring, a squirrel scampered to the brink and quenched its thirst. After drinking, the little animal dipped its forefeet into the water, washed its face, then disappeared through the trees.

We now emerged into sunlight, for we had reached the clearing in which the hermit's home stood. The cabin was a rude one, being made from rough boards. A small porch faced the east, showing that the hermit loved the morning sunshine. The porch creaked, announcing our approach to the hermit, who came to the door to greet us.

The hermit, a retired lawyer, being a lover of nature, had come to these hills to spend the remainder of his life. He talked to us of the beauties of his mountain home, and the incidents of his humble life.

Laying his coat upon a chair before retiring one evening, the hermit had awakened to find a mouse occupying it. A nest had been built by the little creature, in one sleeve. Rather than disturb the tiny mother, the kind man allowed the nest to remain. After a few days the mouse and her little ones scampered away, leaving the coat to the owner.

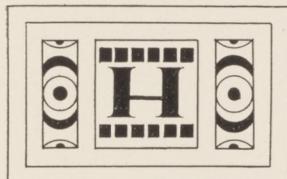
Such simple, yet interesting events happen this day to cheer this man's life of loneliness. Things, which we consider trifles, make up his whole existence. He finds the secrets of the birds and plants, while men of the world, struggle for their petty existence. As we turned to the hill we had just descended, we were glad we had talked to this recluse, for he had taught us to see the beauties of life.



"———, a pool lay black in the shadows."

Why Birds Become Extinct

Alfred Shelton



HOW many of us there are, who could peruse page after page of "The School of the Woods"; who could, in fancy, hear the whir of wings in the "Partridges Roll-call," or the exultant scream of young Ismaques, the Fish-hawk, in "The School for Little Fishermen"; or "At the Call of the Trumpet," as the little birch-bark canoe swung in under the deepening shadow of the lake shore, hear the crash of some mighty moose as he broke through the underbrush and over wind falls,—and yet close the book with a sympathetic smile of indulgence for the man who spent his life in the Great Woods, studying the ways of the wood folk, as only a true naturalist can.

And then, too, how many of us there are, who could turn to the last pages of that book, the chapter on "How the Animals Die," and see that majestic swoop, the death-flight of Chep-lah-gan, the Eagle; or could feel the gentle confiding nature of the little Wood Warbler, as he spent the last brief hours of his existence on the little frond of evergreen over the spring, far in the deep woods,— and yet remain callous and unthinking for the comfort or welfare, the life or death of bird or beast, God's creatures that surround us in forest, field, and marsh.

One a day a gentleman of the industrial world, unacquainted with nature and her ways, was leisurely making his way through the corridor of a great museum, gazing with idle curiosity upon the wonderful groups in the lighted alcoves to right and left. Suddenly he stopped, and, pressing close against the great plate glass, gazed with frank and undisguised interest upon the specimens within. Upon a shelving ledge of artificial ice, sitting upright on broad-webbed feet, were two large, black and white birds, so beautifully and skillfully mounted that, at first glance, one might well think them alive. Behind the birds, the shelf of artificial ice merged into canvas, and the work of some worthy artist, a scene in the far north,—ice, snow, and water—more of the large black and white birds like those in the foreground, some on ledges,—some diving to the depths below,— completed the group. Upon a small, white card was the sentence, "Great Auk,—Range,—formerly the coasts and islands of the northern hemisphere. Now extinct." The gentleman turned to the curator at work near by, and asked, "Why have these birds become extinct?"

And the curator answered shortly, "Through the relentless persecution of mankind."

The gentleman was satisfied,— and passed on down the corridor and out of the building. "Through the relentless persecution of mankind." Little did he realize the true significance of those few words, nor did they convey

to him any impression whatever of the scenes of butchery and slaughter carried on among the vast colonies of Great Auks, in their nesting homes, in the ice fields of the far north.

When Cartier first sailed to North America, about 1534, he anchored near Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland,—two boats landed, and the crews slaughtered great numbers of these birds, which, being the only ones in all that northern territory utterly incapable of flight, were unable to escape. The Great Auk for years was a source of fresh and salt meat to all explorers in the lands of the Arctic sun. The natives greatly desired the eggs and flesh of the Great Auk, and they slaughtered it by such countless thousands that it was soon exterminated in all easily accessible places.

Then, as a master stroke, some one suggested that the bird be killed for its feathers, and men began to follow and slay the few remaining birds,—even to the very ends of the earth. What was the result? Simply this: Through this relentless persecution of mankind, the Great Auk has been driven to complete extermination, and has, for years, been counted among the extinct birds of the world.

Were you to pass down the streets of Cincinnati, to the Zoological Gardens, you could stop before a certain portion of the aviary and see a beautiful bird,—a female Passenger Pigeon. But how surprised you would be if an attendant there should tell you the following story:

During the early history of our country, when the Mississippi River formed the western frontier, the Passenger Pigeon was so exceedingly numerous that countless millions, flying from one section of the country to another, formed such a screen that the light of the sun was completely shut off. The greatest of these flights lasted for three consecutive days. Even today you meet old gentlemen who can tell of some of the great flights of later years.

When these vast multitudes of birds would alight in some large forest, huge limbs of the great forest trees, unable to uphold the immense weight of the alighting birds, would break and fall.

And, with civilization, came destruction. Men and boys would gather, with guns and ammunition, at the edges of some forest roost of the pigeons. Early in the evening the pigeons could be heard coming, miles away, as the rolling of distant thunder. Thousands were slaughtered as they flew to their roosting places. When the huge forest trees were fairly alive with the birds, great trees would be chopped down, and these falling, and tearing others with them, completed the work of destruction, till the ground was completely covered with a mass of slaughtered and wounded pigeons. In the morning wagon loads would be hauled away to be cleaned and salted, and droves of hogs would be turned loose to fatten for weeks upon those that remained. Such was the persecution of the Passenger Pigeon,—and the attendant would turn, and, pointing to the bird already mentioned, say, "There is the last living Passenger Pigeon to be found on the face of the earth. She is eighteen years of age. A short while ago her mate died at the age of twenty-four. It will be but a short while till this female shall die, and this great race of birds,

driven by the relentless persecution of mankind, shall formally become extinct. No human agency can save it from the fate which awaits it."

You notice and admire a beautifully gowned lady, upon the streets of a large city. Particularly attractive are the beautiful long Aigrette plumes on her hat. I would you could trace those plumes to their source.

Far in the recesses of the southern swamps the Aigrettes nested by thousands. The long, beautiful plumes grow only in the nuptial season, and, consequently, only during the nesting period came the raids of the plume-hunters. Men would visit the swamps in which these birds were nesting. Thousands would be killed, the long white plumes plucked out, and the birds thrown to one side. Thousands upon thousands of half-fledged young would be left in the nest to starve. This practice, when stopped by law, was carried on by those who knew no law. Men would go through the swamps, killing as they went, and smuggling out the forbidden plumes, until, as an unlawful practice, plume-hunters came to rival the whiskey-stills of the moonshiner, in the mountains of Kentucky. And what, you ask, was the result? Extermination and extinction again? To a certain extent,—yes, but to a greater extent,—no. The constant drain upon the Aigrettes so decreased their numbers that certain extinction seemed eminent. However, the lesson taught by the persecution of the Great Auk and the Passenger Pigeon was not forgotten. Strict laws were put in force, protecting the Aigrettes and prohibiting the collecting of plumes, so that, though the Aigrette is, today, scarce, and, in many localities, where formerly abundant, even rare,—danger of its extinction has been avoided.

The sight of several large Turkey Vultures, wheeling and sailing in majestic circles high in the air, is familiar to all,—but fortunate is he who has a chance to see that greatest of all Vultures, the California Condor, in the wild fastnesses of his native home. This bird was once plentiful, and was to be found, and found only, in the rugged mountain ranges of the southern part of our native State. It is the largest bird that flies, even rivaling in size the world-famed Condor of the South American Andes. It is the most famous of all California birds, and one of the most famous in the world.

On the great ranches of the south, whole carcasses of domestic animals, drenched with poison, would be dragged away into remote places in the mountains and left, that panthers, mountain lions, coyotes, and other destructive beasts, might fall a prey to the poisoned bait. Upon these carcasses, the great Condors would congregate and feed,—and perish. So rapid was the death rate among these famous birds, that there seemed no alternative save swift and complete extermination. An intense interest was aroused in the Condor, both in ornithologist and layman alike. Vigorous laws were enforced for its protection. Audubon Societies undertook the work of its restoration and protection, and the work accomplished was little short of marvelous. Men would spend months at a time, in the mountains of the south, studying the Condor in its native home. Young birds have been secured, and raised in confinement with wonderful success.

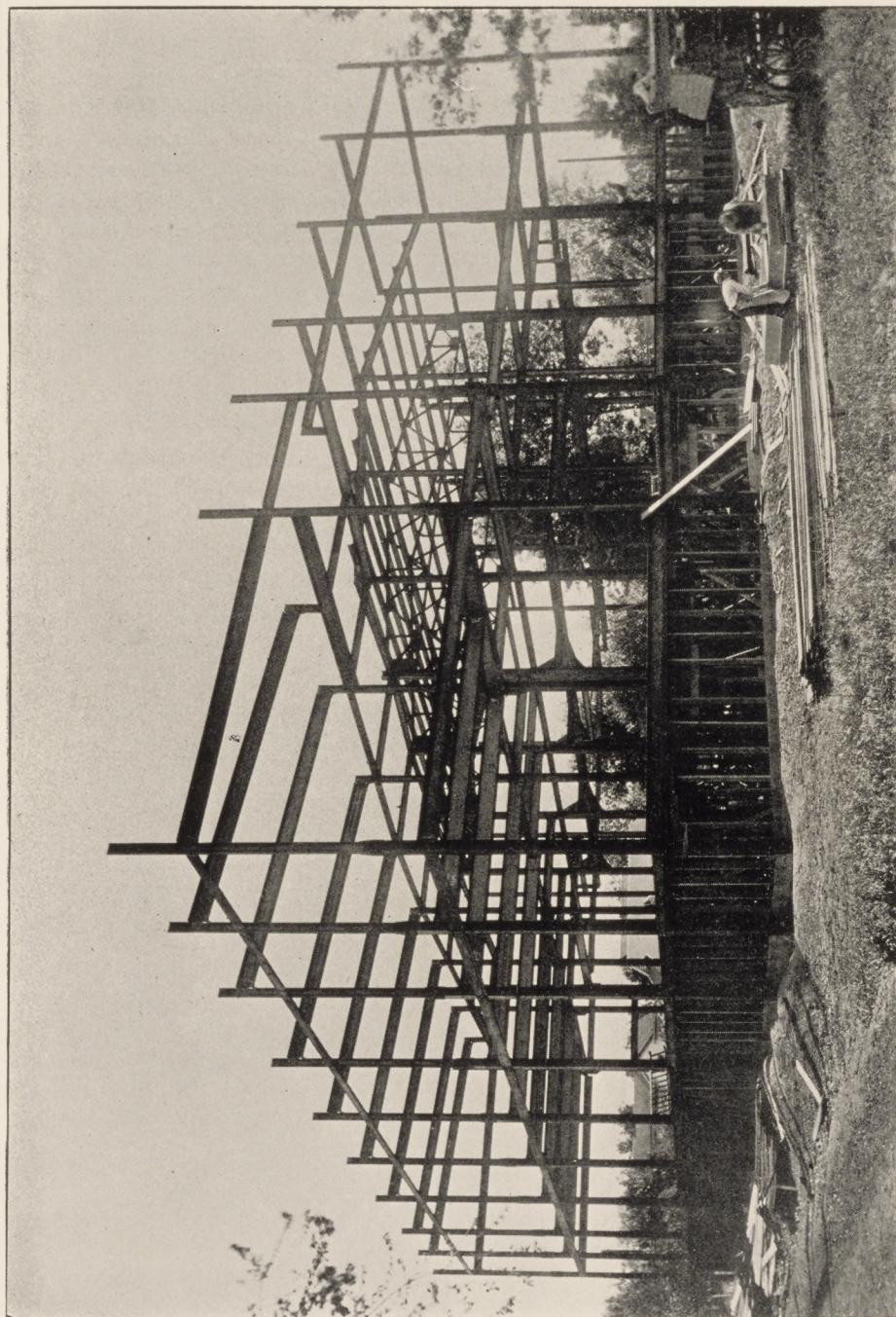
The result of this great effort is that the Condor is now slowly, but

surely, increasing in numbers, and, while it is a bird which never was, and never will be common, even in the mountains of its native home, it has been saved from the fate which seemed so surely to await it.

Now,—from the mounted specimens in the great museum to the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati, from the Zoological Gardens to the recesses of a great southern swamp, and from the southern swamp to the wild, rugged mountains of southern California, what have we noticed? Simply this: First, a bird which was slaughtered and wantonly persecuted by mankind and became totally extinct thereby. Secondly, a bird which was likewise relentlessly persecuted and with the natural result, that it is now hanging on the verge of extermination,—no human effort can save it. Thirdly, a bird which was also terribly persecuted, but the value of which was realized, in time to save it from complete destruction. At last, the greatest of all birds, driven almost to extermination by the agency of human thoughtlessness, has been saved and restored by an almost superhuman effort.

Birds have become extinct only through the agency of man. Left to live its own life as nature intended it should, a certain bird would never become extinct. But the day of extinct birds may well be said to be past. Birds at last, through silent years of persecution and suffering, have gained recognition and protection. Mankind is as ready today to protect the birds, as it was ready to destroy them in the centuries gone by.

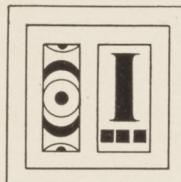




The Annex as It Is Today

Ten Days in a Military Camp

By a Bugle Boy—John Mitchell



N the fall of 1910, enlisted as a trumpeter, I accompanied Company G, First Regiment, Kansas National Guard, to the annual manouvers at Fort Riley. My experiences and adventures in, and around, this camp, I shall endeavor to relate in the following narrative:

On a bright August morning, we left our quarters, at the old armory, to board a special train that was to bear us to Fort Riley, two hundred miles away. It was a dull, dusty ride to me, and as we went chugging away, over those wind-swept prairies, I felt as if I had never seen such a barren, desolate country. We stopped, at various points on the way, to pick up waiting companies, and we had not traversed over half the distance, before we had a long train of cars behind us. At noon, every one's face brightened to see the quarter-master enter, accompanied by two stalwart privates, who bore between them a large box, amply filled with canned provisions. To guard against confusion, the provisions were first divided among the corporals, and then, by them, among the men of their squads. I, being a trumpeter and not belonging to any certain squad, found myself left out, until invited to enjoy the repast of the First Sergeant.

Soon after noon, we passed through Topeka and were shunted onto a siding, just inside the city limits. The train had scarcely stopped, when someone discovered a watermelon patch to the right of the road. This discovery was followed by the immediate detraining of nearly half the regiment, who rushed hastily into the melon patch, only to beat a hastier retreat, accompanied by the shouts of an irate old farmer, who rushed out of a nearby corn field, flourishing an antiquated musket, and calling down the vengeance of heaven on these invaders. Just then came a warning whistle from the locomotive, and, as the men swung aboard, they came to the conclusion that the melons were green, anyway.

About five in the afternoon, we entered the Government reservation on which Fort Riley is situated, and, after a short ride, we came within sight of our future camp. Already encamped here were two battalions of cavalry, six companies or artillery, and a regiment of regular soldiers. The train stopped about half a mile from camp, when the entire regiment was detrained and marched, by companies, to the site chosen for them. The camp was laid off alphabetically, with a space of some forty feet between each row of tents, called the company street. Our baggage was hauled up immediately, and we set to work raising our tents, an operation that was barely completed by nightfall. By this time the company cook had supper under way, and we were soon treated to an informal repast of bacon, hard-tack and coffee.

I went to bed early that night and, being tired, slept soundly, until I was awakened at five o'clock by first call, blown by the trumpeter on guard. This is a signal for all trumpeters to turn out and sound reveille together. I

hastily leaped to my feet, pulled on my clothing, seized my trumpet and set out for headquarters. Upon my arrival, I found several of the others already there. We waited a few minutes for the rest to come up, then rising to our feet we sounded reville, and, after a short pause, assembly. The soldiers now came pouring out of their tents to fall in for drill and roll-call. Shortly after I returned to my tent, I heard mess-call sounded by the trumpeter on guard. At this signal, every one seized his mess kit, and forming in a hasty line, marched by the cook tent to be served in turn with breakfast. As soon as they received their portions, the men selected seats upon the ground and fell to eating, with a vigor that bespoke appetites of the best.

Immediately after mess, detachment was sent to headquarters for a consignment of canvass cots. Soon after, fatigue-call was sounded. This is the signal for a general cleaning up of camp. While the men were so engaged, the detachment returned, bearing the cots, which were soon installed in the tents. Later in the day, the men were drilled on the parade ground and the trumpeters went out over the hills to practice. The rest of the time was spent in recreation, until four o'clock, when guard mounting and battalion parade were the order of the day. After the evening mess, a great many soldiers attended a concert, given by the regimental band. Others, who had no ear for music, solaced themselves by playing cards and rolling dice.

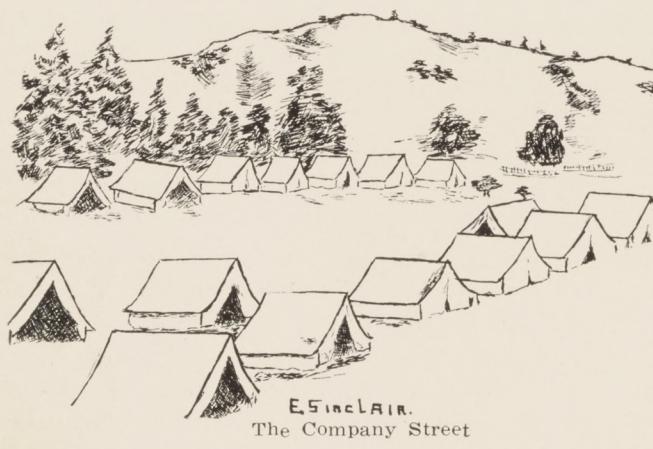
As I lay asleep that night, I was suddenly awakened by the sound of distant yells. Sitting up, I listened intently. The yells had ceased at the first outcry, and were followed by a sound that resembled the ripping of canvass. A little later came hurried footsteps along the company street, and a moment after someone burst into our tent. I quickly struck a match and saw before me the shivering form of a young, red-headed private, who slept in our tent. He hastily told me that as he lay asleep, some one had entered and, after carrying him and his cot for over two hundred yards, had tied him to it and left him without a covering. Being thus unprotected from the chilly air, he had soon awakened and preceiving his condition, he obeyed his first impulse and yelled for assistance. He waited for a few minutes, but no one came. It grew frightfully cold and he began to kick violently at the bottom of the cot. Suddenly there came a sharp ripping sound, and, as the cot split from end to end, he was dropped neatly on the ground, from which position he had no difficulty in escaping. He had left his cot in a mangled condition upon the field and had come, he said, to ask me to share my bed with him. Managing to stifle my amusement at the trick played upon him, I moved silently over and allowed him to become comfortably situated between my blankets. The cot was none too wide, in the first place, and for some time I had difficulty in retaining my position. However, I at last fell asleep, only to awaken in the morning to find myself lying on the cold, hard ground, with my private friend fast asleep in the middle of my bed. For a moment I was tempted to hit him over the head with my trumpet, but, after reflecting, I was unable to decide which would suffer the more.

The following day, a number of ball teams were organized among the companies of the respective regiments. A series of match games were ar-

ranged and the championship of each regiment determined, after several exciting contests. A dual meet was then arranged between the two regiments. A large and appreciative audience gathered on the appointed day, and, after a warmly contested game, the First regiment came off victorious. Amid the cheers of our soldiers, the victors were presented with a huge, silver loving cup.

So the days passed swiftly by, with always something of interest, until one day, Governor Stubbs came suddenly to Fort Riley to review the troops.

Companies were called together, regiments hastily formed, and, accompanied by the artillery and cavalry, were marched by the Governor in a grand parade. In honor of the Governor's presence, the following day was set aside as one of recreation. A field meet was soon arranged between the two infantry regiments. A quarter-mile track was hastily laid



off, on the parade ground, and the meet took place the next day, at ten o'clock. As handsome medals were offered for first and second places, and a magnificent cup for the winning team, a good deal of rivalry was evinced between the two regiments. Although our team carried off a respectable number of points, and our first sergeant won the honors in the shot-put and high-jump, we were defeated, and suffered the humiliation of seeing the Second regiment carry away the cup, in triumph.

The following day, the First and Second regiments were scheduled to meet in a sham battle. Blank cartridges were to be used and the attack carried on under the conditions of real war. About nine in the morning, the First regiment marched out of camp and took up a position in the hills, some five miles away. The Second regiment was supposed to discover and drive them out if possible. Our company was on guard that day, so I did not have to accompany the soldiers. Instead, another trumpeter and I set out for an old fort several miles away, intending to hunt for cannon shells. After a long walk we arrived at our destination, and examining the ruins of the old redoubt, began our search for relics. Fortune favored us and soon we found where a shell had entered the ground. By the careful use of my bayonet, it was removed and we found we had in our possession an unexploded shrapnel shell. We looked farther, but without success, and, after filling our pockets with grape-shot, which lay scattered about, we set out to return.

As we were crossing a grassy meadow, we were suddenly startled by

the sight of a troop of cavalry. Knowing them to be of the enemy, and, having no relish for a night in the guard-house, we determined to seek safety in flight, setting off at a rapid pace for a bushy creek some three hundred yards away. However, we were soon discovered, and, clapping spurs to their horses, they swooped down upon us just as we dashed in among the trees. We stepped quickly behind a clump of bushes, while they crossed the stream at a furious rate of speed and galloped up the other bank. "They evidently took us for scouts of the enemy," said my companion. "Well, we had better get out of here, anyway," I replied. So we started at a brisk walk down the stream. We had not gone far, when we came upon a little spring under a huge, overhanging rock. It looked so cool and inviting that we could not resist the temptation to stop and fill our canteens, when suddenly from behind us stepped three men, who, leveling their rifles in an uncomfortable way at our heads, commanded us to march before them. As there was absolutely no opportunity for escaping, we obeyed and were conducted for some distance, when we came out upon a small glade, where we found a number of soldiers drawn up in battle array.

We were taken at once before their captain, who, after questioning us closely, surprised us by saying, "I don't think you boys are spies and I am going to let you go, but I order you to go immediately back to camp, and, if in thirty minutes you are to be found within a mile of here, I promise it will go hard with you." Overjoyed at our unexpected release, we beat a hasty retreat, nor did we stop until we were sure we had the First regiment between us and the enemy. We then mounted a high hill and took a general survey of the battle field. We could see the First regiment strongly fortified in a ravine directly in front of us, while farther back, to the left, could be seen columns of troops, the Second regiment moving forward to the attack. The scouts were well in advance, creeping cautiously forward and spreading gradually into a large fan-like shape. Suddenly came the crack of a distant rifle, followed by another; the battle was on. It grew from a single shot to a rattle, from a rattle to a continuous roar, until it seemed as if the very air quivered with the intensity of the vibrations. Reinforcements were hurriedly brought up from both sides. The ambulance and the stretcher could be seen, in the distance, busily employed bearing off imaginary dead and wounded men, while the cavalry kept up a constant communication between the reserves and the fighting troops. Close down upon the firing line could be seen a group of men industriously manipulating a moving-picture camera. The battle continued for over an hour, when the Second regiment fell back, badly defeated.

The day after, we mustered out, and marched by companies to the regimental headquarters, where we received our pay. That afternoon the large tents were taken down and the baggage loaded on the train, preparatory to an early start home in the morning. The half-shelters were then pitched, and we were warned to be ready to leave at three o'clock the next morning. Till late in the night might be heard the rattle of dice, and the low mutterings of the men, as they gathered around a blanket to stake their wages on

this game of chance. Gradually the sounds became more and more subdued, until they died away altogether and the silence of the night lay unbroken, save by the muffled tread of the sentry on guard and the occasional neigh of a distant cavalry horse. It did not seem as if I had been asleep for over five minutes, before the first sergeant passed my tent with the command to turn out.

The tents were hastily struck, our blankets quickly rolled, and we were soon en route for the railway. Half an hour later we entered the waiting train, which bore us swiftly homeward.

A Pious Episode

D. E. W. '12



Hello!

ELLO? Hello!! Is that you, Betty?"

"Yes. What is it it, Dal?"

"Why, will it be all right if I bring Mr. and Mrs. Wallace home to dinner, tonight? He is the man who is concerned in this new deal of mine, you know, and, as there are papers and things to be looked over at the house, I, I thought it would be better to ask them to take "pot luck" with us. You know they have moved in right near us and—well—altogether we want to get in right if we can, see? It will be all right, won't it, girl? I know you can carry it off beautifully; you always do."

"But, Dal," expostulated a surprised little voice, "you know Bridget is

gone, and—why—I haven't anything to get a dinner with—and it's five o'clock, and I've never met the Wallaces, and—and—"

"Oh' fiddlesticks!! Don't try to make a banquet, just something simple and easy—anything. Why, go down to the delicatessen—buy them out if you like. I don't care; but do your best, dear. I know you'll come out on top. Sorry to come down on you like a ton of brick, but it seemed the only decent thing to do. And—oh, yes—Betty, can you possibly make an apple pie? I happen to know that Mr. Wallace is particularly fond of it, and it would please him and perhaps put him in a good humor, if need be, so that things will come out better in the deal. You know what I mean. Can you make it?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose I'll manage, some way. Yes, dear, it will be allright, don't worry." Betty hung up the receiver, and collapsed in a forlorn little heap on the floor. This was surely a thunder bolt out of a clear sky. What should she do? No Bridget, five o'clock; no dinner even ordered, and guests whom she had never met! Why was Dal so impulsive?

But she had never failed him yet, and this was not the time to begin, so, mustering up all her courage, she jumped up and flew down to the kitchen, where she stirred up the fire and then went to 'phone to give some "hurry orders."

In three-quarters of an hour things looked brighter. Thru the delicatessen she had obtained most of the necessary things to make a simple dinner what it should be, and the cooking of it was well under way.

Humming a snatch of popular air, she scurried about, hair tumbled, cheeks unusually flushed, while she set the table in her pretty little dining-room, with all her new table ware—for Betty was a bride of scarcely more than a year.

With deft touches here and there, the table was soon without criticism, but as she was standing back, surveying it with satisfaction, an odor of something burning came to her from the kitchen. Flying out of the room, she threw open the oven door, to behold her lovely apple pie burned to a cinder! With tears of mortification in her eyes, she dumped the charred remains into the garbage barrel, then looked at the clock, and, in despair, saw that there was no hope of making a new pie.

"And I promised Dal he should have an apple pie," she moaned, "but it's too late to make another, or any other kind of desert, now. O dear!" And the tears fell, unrestrained, as she stumbled into the pantry, vainly scanning the shelves, as if expecting to find a pie there. As she glanced out of the pantry window, she spied an object in her neighbor's pantry window, not fifteen feet away. A pie! An apple pie! Was it Providence?

Betty's mind acted quickly and was soon made up. She was going to have that pie if she had to steal it! She was desperate.

Throwing off her apron, she ran out across the yard to the back door of her neighbor.

"Millie Town evidently didn't move as soon as she expected," thought Betty. Betty had been away two or three days and had expected to find Millie, her friend and neighbor, gone, on her return, but was extremely glad

to find that this was evidently not so, especially as she expected to borrow her pie!

A servant, whom Betty had not seen before, answered her knock. "A new cook, I suppose," was her mental comment. Aloud, "Is your mistress in?"

"No, mum, and she won't be back till late."

"O, what shall I do?" Betty gasped. Her last hope seemed to be vanishing before her very eyes.

"Shure, mum, an' can I be of iny hilp to yez?"

"Oh! why, I don't know, maybe you could help me out. You see"—And before she knew it, Betty had poured her tale of woe into the sympathetic ears of Irish Nora.

"An' so it's the pie yez be after wantin', iz it? Bliss yer heart, mum, an' I giss it's not Nora McGuire would prevint iny wan from havin' a bit av a pie, if they wanted it. Shure, an' it's the missiz what made it, but I'll be makin' another in the wink av an eye, an' she'll niver know."

"O, but I'd rather she would know about it, Nora," expostulated Betty, as the pie was delivered into her hands. "I really would, and I think she would enjoy the joke! So you tell her that her neighbor, Mrs. Murdock, borrowed it, and I'll come over tomorrow and explain more fully, myself. Thank you a thousand times; good-bye." And Betty, the delicious looking pie safely in her possession, tripped home, light heartedly, where she soon was dressed in her prettiest gown, ready to meet her husband and their guests, with her happiest smile.

Mr. Wallace seemed a quiet man, not given to small talk, with steel-gray eyes that seemed to search out one's faults, but which could sparkle with fun at times, for he thoroughly enjoyed a good joke.

Mrs. Wallace, however, proved delightful. She was still quite young, and very much interested in the little bride's cosy home, and also in the experiments and experiences which Betty chatted to her about, for it had not been so very many years since she herself had been a bride.

To Betty's delight, the little dinner was going off beautifully. The chickens were done to a turn, and all the other dainty dishes were "just right." Dal seemed very much pleased with everything, too. The dinner was flawless, things had gone well with Mr. Wallace and the deal, so far, and Betty was captivating Mrs. Wallace; so Mr. Murdock telegraphed to his wife across the table how delighted he was, making her radiantly happy, as she removed the dinner course, and brought in, triumphantly, the lovely pie. As she set it down, Mrs. Wallace moved rather uneasily in her chair and stopped talking somewhat abruptly. But Mr. Wallace seemed to be highly pleased, as he said, "Do you know, Mrs. Murdock, one of my greatest weaknesses is apple pie? My wife has become quite skilled in the making of them. She has a peculiar filigree mark of her own, which she makes on the top crust—I think it is to let out the steam or something, isn't it? And—why, Martha, how strange? I do believe Mrs. Murdock has used a similar mark on her pie. I thought it was original with you." Mr. Wallace shot

a puzzled glance at his wife, but her face was absolutely non-committal, except for two bright spots on either cheek.

Betty's heart seemed to her to pound so loudly that she was sure they would all hear it, but she managed to laugh and prattle away about its being a strange coincidence. She was totally puzzled, herself, for she felt guilty about the pie, and this peculiar mark on the pie being similar to a private mark of Mrs. Wallace's seemed more than coincidence. She couldn't untangle the mystery and she wished to tell Dal all about it, for she knew he was entirely bewildered.

However, the sudden tension in the conversation slackened gradually, and the evening finally ended. As the guests were leaving, Mrs. Wallace said, "I expect to see you quite often, Mrs. Murdock, for we are near neighbors, you know."

"Yes?" queried Betty.

"Yes, indeed; in fact, we are right next door to you."

"Next door!" Betty fairly gasped, "why—is that so; I didn't know that."

"No, I thought perhaps you didn't. Well, good night; such a pleasant evening"—and they were gone.

"For mercy's sake, Betsy, what is the matter?" inquired Dal, as he stood in front of his wife, who had flopped into a chair and was rocking back and forth with laughter—a bit hysterical.

"O dear! O dear! It's too funny! Eating one's own pie—oh my stars!" And she went off into another fit of mirth.

"Please let's hear the joke, Betty, if there is one—I fail to see it," rather wearily.

"Oh! Can't you see? You wanted an apple pie, and I made a lovely one, but it burned, and when I was racking my brains to know what I should do, I spied a lovely pie in Millie's pantry window, and went over and borrowed it from the cook, and"—

"Betty!" She fairly jumped at the explosiveness of the exclamation. "Millie—why Millie moved two days ago, and the Wallaces are next to us! You borrowed a pie! Why, my dear girl—you don't mean to tell me you borrowed a pie from someone you didn't know, especially as that someone was to be your guest at dinner! I never heard of such a thing! I"—

"But Dal, I didn't know Millie had gone, and I didn't know the Wallaces were there. I thought Millie had a new cook, and she was very nice, and—and—please don't b-blame me—I d-didn't know"— and she vainly dabbed her eyes with her little hard wad of handkerchief.

"Never mind, girlie. It really is awfully funny, when you come to think of it—it really is," and the erstwhile irate young husband indulged in a few hearty chuckles. "Eating your own pie at a neighbor's dinner party! Jove, that's a good one! But what are you going to do about it? Do you think they knew? Do you suppose they thought you stole it?"

"Knew it? Why, you dear stupid; of course they knew it! She did, anyway. Didn't you see how very cool she was, and the steel in those eyes of hers? I was terribly puzzled for a while, but I see it all now. I must go

over and tell her the whole story. I only hope she has a sense of humor! Dal, I'm going right over tonight; right this minute! I'm not going to let them think for a whole night that Betty Murdock is a thief! Do you suppose they'll let me in, Dal? Oh, dear! Isn't it a mess?" Betty moved with a determined air toward the door.

"Look here, little girl, you aren't going out in the cold, tonight. Why don't you ring her up and explain it all? If she has any bump of fun in her at all, she'll take it as a huge joke."

"Suppose she hangs up before I have time to explain, or sends for the police, or something?"

"Nonsense! You try it, anyway."

Betty therefore was persuaded to go to the 'phone, though with fear and trembling, and, in a few minutes she got the number.

"Hello! Is this Mrs. Wallace? This is Mrs. Murdock—and—I wanted to tell you—that is, I must explain about"—

Peals of laughter from the other end of the wire interrupted further explanation.

"O, my dear Mrs. Murdock, please don't say anything about it—we think it is the best joke ever! We were slightly puzzled at first, but Nora told us about it, and of course, we saw your mistake. Our sides have been aching ever since! Please don't feel badly over it at all. Come over tomorrow and we'll make half a dozen pies—won't you?"

"Oh, aren't you a dear! You don't know what a thief I felt! But it was screamingly funny, wasn't it? Of course, I'll come over, and love to. Good night." And Betty hung up with a happy little smile.

But when she told Dal about it, she looked very grave as she said, "Wouldn't it have been awful, if she hadn't had a sense of humor, Dal?"

"Yes, Betsy, it would have been rather a solemn affair. As it was, it was quite pie-ous, wasn't it?"



A Soul Above Grub

V. L. '13.



ILL you have some more salad, Dr. Ross?"

But the cynical tone of the Aid Society's president was lost on the doctor, who answered, "Yes, I believe I will have some salad."

"Say," came from his partner on the left, "that other dish is fuller."

"Pass it along," whispered the doctor between mouthfuls, "and quit your talking, or that glutton across the table will beat us to the cake."

Away back, in the days when Dr. Ross had had ideals, and had dreamed of his future, he had been graduated from the medical course in a leading college. He had even started a thriving practice in his clean, sunny, little office. But—he didn't have to work,—what was the use, when one had a rich father and many friends? It was much easier to eat and to sleep, and not to worry about the measles or the smallpox epidemic. And so it became his business, not to doctor, but to eat. He ate for pleasure. He ate for recreation. He ate early; he ate late. But whenever possible, he ate free of charge. And where could one get such good free meals, and so often, as at the churches of the town? So his religious beliefs were such as to permit rapid transit from one creed to another. For, if the Congregationalists were to give a supper the night after he had gone to a Baptist banquet, he couldn't bear to miss that splendid supper, just because he had been a Baptist the night before; so he immediately became converted to the Congregationalist's creed. With very little persuasion, Dick Lee, his faithful lunchman, could see wherein he favored the Congregationalist's creed, so he, too, forsook his old belief and went to the banquet.

On this night, it was the Aid Society of the Methodist church that saw, almost tearfully, the doctor and Dick devour a lion's share of their toothsome viands.

"Bill," remarked Dick, after he had mastered his half of the raisin cake, "are you a Presbyterian or a Unitarian?"

"It all depends. Which are you?"

"Both. The Presbyterians give a supper at six o'clock tomorrow night, and the Unitarian banquet begins at seven. If your digestive organs will allow you to bolt your share of the supper, in time to strike the first course of the banquet, and if you can change from a Presbyterian to a Unitarian on the run, I think we're in line for a grand night of eating."

"I'm ready. I'll tell the worthy ladies of the Presbyterian church that I have a call to cure the mumps. They'll believe me."

Every time Bill's mind wandered to the thought of the coming banquet, he became ravenously hungry, so he was hungry all day. By five o'clock, he

was so nearly famished that he dressed and sat in his dusty, cobwebby office, waiting for Dick.

"At last!" he growled, when the door opened, but to his surprise, where he had expected to see Dick, there stood a little lame girl, the daughter of the Methodist Society's president.

"Your'e Dr. Ross, aren't you?" she began, boldly. "Well, my mama said when she came home from the supper last night, that you hadn't a soul above grub."

"The old gossip!" hissed Bill.

"When I asked her what she meant, she said you were just like me, because you always took the biggest piece of everything. And then, I was sorry for you, so I thought I'd come over to see you. I wonder if you feel like me. When I see a great big piece of cake, the biggest piece on the plate, I keep getting hungrier and hungrier, and something just makes me take it. Do you feel like that?"

"Exactly. But say, you just tell that ma of yours, that she hasn't a soul above gossip, will you?"

"Oh, I'm afraid to! She'd get cross like she always does when we talk about you. One day I told her I thought you could make my leg stop hurting, and she got awfully cross. She said you couldn't cure a flea. But you can cure my leg, can't you? I think you ought to be able to make it stop hurting."

"Yes, I ought, 'if I had a soul above grub,' as your mother puts it. But what happened to your leg in the beginning to make it hurt?"

"Oh, we were riding the fence one day and I fell off. Mama said she couldn't 'ford to get a doctor from the city, and that you weren't any good, so it just kept hurting."

"Where does it hurt—here?" And there followed a careful examination of the injured part, to which Dr. Ross gave more serious thought than he had given to anything for years.

"Is your mother home, tonight?" he finally asked.

"Yes; and she'll scold me, too, for staying so long. I'll have to run fast!"

"Wait a minute, and I'll go home with you; then, maybe, she won't scold so much."

"Oh, goody! Then you can tell her that yourself—that about gossip, you know."

"No, I don't think we'll bother to tell her that, this time. We'll just try to show her that she made a mistake in what she said about me."

At the door, the doctor was met with Dick's cheery, "Hello! Ready? Come on, we're late! Well! who's this?"

"I'm not going to the supper, Dick," quietly replied the doctor.

"Nor to the banquet?" inquired his dumfounded lunchman.

"Nor to the banquet."

"Say, I wonder if you happen to remember that the Unitarian ladies have the reputation of serving the best grub in this town."

"I don't care a bang if they have! And honest, Dick, I don't think you

have a soul above grub. If you want to know where I'm going, you'll have to tag along."

"And miss the eats?" inquired Dick, in an injured tone. "Oh, say!" as a possible explanation dawned on him, "that cake last night didn't make you sick, did it?"

Dr. Ross turned on him fiercely. "Do you think I've lost all traces of respectability? You think I haven't any good impulses left, don't you? Well, for your especial benefit, I'll state that I'm not going to that supper at the Christian church next Friday, nor to the social, nor to any social, supper, banquet, or the like given in any future age. Moreover, unless you reform likewise, I'll drop you. I'm going to live on three meals a day, with some good, hard work in between. Do you follow? My first job will be to cure this little girl's knee, if her mother will let me operate on her."

"So, so! Going to adopt the plain-living and high-thinking plan, are you? Thank you, but I'll have the old style. High living and plain thinking for me. Good night! I go to the banquet!" And he turned on his heel and walked off.

The little girl's mother was loath to trust the doctor, who had been the laughing stock of the town, with anything so serious as an operation on the knee-cap, which caused all the lameness and pain; but she finally gave her consent, when the doctor offered to do the work free of charge. The little girl had no fear, because she was sure Dr. Ross could cure her, even if he didn't 'have a soul above grub.'

And cure her he did. A month after the operation she walked, somewhat unsteadily, to be sure, but without a limp. Dr. Ross, too, had a new walk. His shoulders were held back, and his eyes met those of his associates without wavering.

One morning, after the operation, Dick was startled, in the midst of his dreams, by a severe shaking. After the fog had cleared from his brain, he heard the voice of Bill ordering him to "get up." As usual, he obeyed. Seated at the breakfast table, Bill began the explanation of his conduct, thus: "Do you know what a glutton, like you, needs? He needs work. I've a fine job for you. Today you are going to help me clean out my office. Yes, washing windows is included. Tomorrow, you are to be my office boy, secretary, and handy man, in general, while I start to build up a practice here. The job's going to last, too. It's going to be a fight, but you and I are going to attain 'souls above grub'! See?"



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Another year has come and gone; another class is now ready to pass from the portals of this hall of learning to the wide world beyond. So it happens each June, for Time waits for no one. A small proportion of the students complete the toilsome course and leave, are regretted, perhaps, by a few of the remaining ones, but soon forgotten for the new, interesting faces that appear each fall. Such are the ways of this swiftly-moving world, ever changing, never standing still.

This past year has been a prosperous, busy, and happy one for S. R. H. S., and is well worth reviewing for a few minutes of our time. School spirit seems to have permeated throughout the school; there have been fewer "cliques" and class distinctions, less "knocking" and grumbling than usual. The students have taken an interest in something else besides themselves, and have, generally speaking, tried to work for the welfare of the school and their fellow students. Of course, there are exceptions to almost every rule, and there is always a dark and a bright side to every question. We have done something, perhaps, during the last year, which we would not be glad

to recall; some things have not happened just as we would wish; we have been disappointed and discouraged. But why be a pessimist, when it's much easier and more beneficial to be an optimist. Then, let us forget the gloomy occasions of the past, except when they may be a lesson to us in the future, and carry with us only the bright, happy memories of our High School days.

In reviewing our late efforts, we find that we have done exceptionally well in all lines of student activities. Our debating team was regularly organized this year for the first time, and has several times humbled the proud spirit of other teams, some of a much longer training and experience. Our athletic teams, especially the track team, have won many laurels, to which we are proud to point and exclaim: "See! yonder trophies were won by our athletes of 1911-12." In fact, our trophy cabinet is just about filled with such prizes, and, if the teams continue to be so successful, another cabinet will soon be needed.

The Echo has also had a brilliant year, financially and otherwise. It has really been the best of the three years of its existence. Contributions have been quite liberal, many new subscribers were enrolled after the names of the old, and numerous advertisers rendered invaluable assistance. Several worthy productions were received from the students--productions which added greatly to the contents of the paper. Although the material was not always easy to collect, there was a great deal of talent in the school, from which a large amount of valuable material could be and has been collected.

The present staff, the majority of whom, being Seniors, are to graduate, will soon give place to the new staff, as in the motto of the 1912 class, "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new." This staff wishes to thank all students who have, in any way, contributed to the welfare and prosperity of this journal; and, in yielding their old accustomed places to new workers, wish that the future staff may have even a more prosperous year than the last has had, and may benefit by the mistakes, blunders, or successes of the old.

The Echo takes this occasion to extend thanks to the Elite Studio, for the track, annex, and cup pictures; also for other kind favors given us.



D. Westrup

F. Ahl
E. Sanford

L. Smith

O. Smith

E. Sinclair
M. Turner
D. Cameron

D. Juell

H. Devote
M. Nelson
G. Lee



R. Simpson

I. Haynie

L. Sutherland

A. Shelton

E. Fresher

M. Thompson

M. Coleman

A. de Bernardi

A. Meese

H. Brand

A. Peterson

C. Case

ALUMNI



The Alumni notes are not so many as the editor should like to have, but for various reasons, she has been unable to secure a more complete list. So many members of the association have gone away, and we have never heard from them since. The Alumni of the S. R. H. S. number 823. They are living far and near. We have secured the following notes of a small part of this association:

The following are attending the University of California at Berkeley: Helen Johnson, Thorne Gale, Nat. Mallory, George Mallory, Leo Noonan, Wallace Ware, Adah Cline, Elois Forsythe, Edna Crane, Syrena Maddox, Don Geary, Arthur Lee and Rachel Lee; while those attending Stanford are: Louis Lambert, French Phares, Anita Haub, Constance Mader, Finlaw Geary and Carl Schaupp.

A large number of former S. R. H. S. girls are now attending Normal. Those at San Francisco are: Minnie Cooper, Jean Ross, Irene Norris, Catherine Deacon, Cathryne Smythe, Thelma Goodfellow, Gertrude Cnopius, Lily Lewis and Mary Ward.

Those at San Jose are: Ruth Luttrell, Mildred Peterson, Norma Brittan, Medeline Coffey, Elenor Smith and Ruby Ahl.

Still other members of the Alumni have chosen to become nurses. Those who are in that occupation are: Ida Meyers, Berthaleen Caldwell, Elsie Whittaker, Marjorie Jones and Lenora Mooday.

Lawrence Moore '11, is working in Berkeley, and Giles Briggs is a contractor there.

Jack Sibbald is working for a commission house in San Francisco.

Will Lawrence is working in the lumber mills in Shasta county.

Natalie Harnden, June '07, is a missionary in the Orient.

Howard Dignan '06, and George Barnett '01, are at Johns Hopkins Uni-

versity. Howard Dignan will compete in the great Olympic games at Stockholm.

Ernest Strout, of 1897, and John Little, 1896, are mining enginners in Mexico.

Jesse Rea and Bessie Rea Fruen are recovering perfect health in Mexico.

Millie Barnett, June '08 (now Mrs. Alvin Cox), lives in Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. Molcolm Yonker (Hazel Wadsworth) have found a happy home in Honolulu.

Ada Royal, Floy Pedigo, Evelyn Mitchell, Alice Bumbaugh, Harriet Smith and Louise Floyd, are teaching about the bay.

Hattie Haub, of 1898, is pursuing her scientific investigations at the Boston "Tech."

Mrs. Fred Schaupp ("Chat" Hathaway) is now in California on a visit. Her home is in far-away Alaska.

Bess Woodward, of 1901, is soon to return from a visit in the East. She spent happy days in New Orleans enjoying the famous Mardi Gras.

Rose Moodey, 1900, returned this spring from a long trip abroad. She perfected her musical education in Germany and has already taught in the California public schools.

Of the teachers in Sonoma county, 25% are S. R. H. S. alumni. Of the 47 teachers in the Santa Rosa public schools, 27 are S. R. H. S. alumni.

Finlaw Geary, of 1906, is filling a position in the diplomatic corps of the United States, in Sidney.

Hazel Graham and Grace DuBois are training in the U. C. Hospital to be nurses.

Ralph W. Potter, the class president of June '10, has a splendid position with Crane & Co., in Oakland.

Ray Jeans, the post of June '10, has done good work on "The Pelican," supplying humorous squibs for that college paper.

Nellie Wright, of Dec. '07, is one of the faculty in the San Francisco Normal.

Percy E. Davis, 1901, is now assistant to the Superintendent of Collections in the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co., San Francisco.

The following are a few notes of some of the alumni who have remained in Santa Rosa.

Clara Van Wormer '09, and Geneva Brittian '11, are working for Luthe-Burbank.

Bruce Bailey '07, is bookkeeper for the Rose City Mill and Lumber Co. Charles Gould '10, has gone into the clothing business here.

Reta Berka is now at her home on B street.

Anabell Lee '11, is working for the Sonoma Fruit and Produce Co.

Bernice Knight '09, is at the abstract office.

Lettie B. Riddle '04 (now Mrs. Yost), is librarian and stenographer at her old home, S. R. H. S.

Ross Moodey, 1901, is engaged in business here with his father, in the firm of R. C. Moodey & Son.

Miss May McMeans '05, had leave of absence for several months for an Eastern trip, but is again at her work in the Fremont school.

The members of the S. R. H. S. Alumni gave a dance at Native Sons' Hall Friday evening, May 17. There was a good attendance of former High School students and everyone had an enjoyable time.

SEE HOW WE GROW

At the Old Fourth Street High

Year	No. Grad's.	Year	No. Grad's.
1878	10	1889	12
1880	7	1890	17
1881	4	1891	15
1885, June	15	1892	22
1885, Dec.	12	1893	26
1886	7	1894	16
1887	8	1895	19
1888	16		

At the Present High School

Year	No. Grad's.	Year	No. Grad's.
1896	30	1904, Dec.	10
1897	41	1905, June	23
1898	40	1905, Dec.	13
1899, June	37	1906, June	24
1899, Dec.	4	1906, Dec.	16
1900, June	14	1907, June	23
1900, Dec.	15	1907, Dec.	16
1901, June	27	1908, June	28
1901, Dec.	12	1908, Dec.	9
1902, June	35	1909, June	33
1902, Dec.	12	1909, Dec.	17
1903, June	21	1910, June	40
1903, Dec.	12	1911, June	49
1904, June	23	1912, June	43

School Notes



The past year has been a success along the social line, as well as in other ways, for the students of the S. R. H. S. There have been receptions, dances, special programs, regular Wednesday morning programs, debates, etc. The various programs and events have been printed from issue to issue, and therefore will not be reprinted in this number. The school closes June 14, for a two months' vacation. It is hoped that all will have a pleasant time and, with the exception of the graduates, will come back refreshed and ready for work again in the fall.

There has not been much of importance going on since the Rose Carnival. Before Carnival, the Juniors were busy preparing their float. The float took no prize, but the class was able to pay expenses from the bonus fund. There was also a little money left that was placed in the class treasury.

The Sixth and Seventh terms have organized already and have bought their class pins. These two terms are now paying class dues in order to give the Seniors a dance in commencement week.

Mrs. Mills has been quite busy of late, training for the May fete; nevertheless, she has provided special programs for us every Wednesday morning. The following are the programs rendered since the spring vacation:

April 24—Mr. Eli Jacobs gave us a clarinet solo, which was appreciated by all.

(a) Spring's Awakening Bach
(b) Serenade Badene Gabrael Marie

May 8—

Vocal Solo Flora Blanc
Piano Solo Elaine Mallory

May 15—

Piano Solo Helen Trachman

Vocal Solo	Helen Fraser
May 22.—	
Piano Solo	Carl Steinnort
Violin Solo	Arthur Farnlof
Vocal Solo	Alfred Shelton
The Senior play, "What Happened to Jones," given at the Columbia Theatre Tuesday evening, May 28, was a "howling" success. The cast was as follows:	
Jones	Fred Pederson
Ebenezer Goodly	Vernon King
Mrs. Goodly	Grace Dougherty
Antony Goodly (Bishop)	Alfred Shelton
Minerva, Ebenezer's daughter	Reyna Berka
Cissy, Ebenezer's ward	Ada Smith
Marjorie, Ebenezer's daughter	Gladys Hodgson
Fuller, superintendent of asylum.....	Otto Berger
Holder policeman	Charles Roberts
Bigbee, crazy Indian	Raegan Talbot
Helma, Swedish servant girl.....	Doris Meyers
Richard Hetherly (in love with Marjorie).....	Al. Hockin
Alvina, sister of Mrs. Goodly.....	Kathleen Miller

Now the term has ended,
It fills each heart with cheer;
Our work we have suspended,
That to us is so dear.

* * * *

Vacation has come at last
And the thought of every brain,
Though the days will quickly pass,
Is, "they shall not pass in vain."
—E. K. '15.

Wisdom's Ways

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you
 speak,
And how, and when, and where
* * * * *

Here's to old Kentucky,
The place where I was born;
Where the corn is full of kernels
 And the Colonel's full of corn.

ATHLETICS



Galen Lee'09.

Another school year has closed, and we can safely say that it has been S. R. H. S.'s banner year in athletics. We have won the S. N. S. C. A. L. twice, and the N. W. S. L. once. We won the Cogswell dual meet. We took second in the N. W. S. L. once, made 15 points in A. A. L., and a creditable showing in the Stanford Interscholastic and Big "C" meets. Besides these performances, in general, there have been five high school records broken.

To Chapman and Drake belong the most honor—for breaking two each. Chapman ran the half mile in 2:2, and the mile in 4:36; while Drake threw the discus 108 feet, and hammer 162 feet, 6 inches. Lee tied the record in the high jump on 5 feet 9 inches.

Most of the credit for our victories on the track goes to Mr. Steele, who is our coach; and to Mr. Searcy, who stood back of us and made it possible for us to have a track team. Both, together with Mr. Brownscombe, were influential in getting our new track. The school should be proud to have such men at the head.

Fred McConnell, another member of our faculty, deserves much credit for introducing Rugby, and for coaching the football team. He developed a good team, considering the fact that the game is new on the coast and the material with which he had to work was "green."

TRACK

Saturday, May 4, our track team won a dual meet from Cogswell of San Francisco. The meet was not easily won, as the score of 73 to 67 will show, and each event was fought to a finish. We were doubly anxious to win, not only because we were to receive a handsome cup, but because it was the first meet on our new school track. This dual contest was pronounced the

best ever held in Santa Rosa—being a financial success as well as a good field day.

We were particularly strong in the field events, scoring 41 points to Cogswell's 22; while in the track events we lost—Cogswell scoring 45 to 32. It was also surprising to know that we made 8 points in five events, while the visitors scored 8 points in three events.

Cameron ran in good form and took second in the mile and half mile runs. Chapman won, of course.

Clark ran a good race in the 440 and won without much exertion. He also ran a good lap in the relay.

Results:

50 yard dash—Upchurch (C.), first; Payne (C.), second; Wilson (S. R.), third. Time, :5-4.

100 yard dash—Payne (C.), first; Forsyth (C.), second; Wilson (S. R.), third. Time, :10-3.

220 yard dash—Payne (C.), first; Wilson (S. R.), second; Rogers, (S. R.), third. Time, :25.

440 yard dash—Clark (S. R.), first; Doyle (C.), second; Rogers (S. R.), third. Time, :56-2.

880 yard dash—Chapman (S. R.), first; Cameron (S. R.), second; Murray (C.), third. Time, 2:8.

Mile—Chapman (S. R.), first; Cameron (S. R.), second; Lynch (C.), third. Time 4:54.

120 yard hurdles—Colby (C.), first; Upchurch (C.), second; Lee (S. R.), third. Time :17.

220 yard hurdles—Colby (C.), first; Lee (S. R.), second; Upchurch (C.), third. Time, :27.

Relay—Cogswell won.

High jump—Lee (S. R.), first; Forsyth (C.), second; Upchurch (C.), third. Height, 5 feet 9 inches.

Hammer throw—Drake (S. R.), first; King (S. R.), second; Palmer (C.), third. Distance, 159 feet 1 inch.

Discus throw—Drake (S. R.), first; Lambert (S. R.), second; Merritt (S. R.), third. Distance, 108 feet 5 inches.

Javelin throw—Upchurch (C.), first; Venici (C.), second; Clark (S. R.), third. Distance, 123 feet.

Broad jump—Colby (C.), first; Larimer (S. R.), second; Lambert (S. R.), third. Distance, 20 feet 6 inches.

Pole vault—Lambert and Lee (S. R.), tied for first; Allen (C.), third. Height, 10 feet 5 inches.

Shot put—Lambert (S. R.), first; Peterson (C.), second; Clark (S. R.), third. Distance, 43 feet 9½ inches.

Santa Rosa won, due to efforts of veterans, with the exception of three Freshmen—Rogers, Larimer and Merritt.

This is the last field day for our spring season and we lose a lot of good

men by graduation. They are the following: Clark, Wilson, King, Lambert and Cameron.

Charles Clark has won his block "S" in three branches of athletics—track, baseball and football. He has managed and captained teams, and all in all, is one of the most prominent men S. R. H. S. has turned out.

Earl Wilson has taken part in four branches of athletics—track, basketball, baseball and Rugby. Earl has a large number of medals for track and is one of the best basketball guards in the State. He has been basketball captain since '09, and is a veteran of about thirty games. He has also been general manager of athletics.

Vernon King has specialized in the hammer throw and has a record of 156 feet 6 inches. Walter Christie (the California trainer), said that King was the best man for his weight that he had ever seen. He will enter Stanford, and we hope he will be as successful there as he has for S. R. H. S.

Donald Cameron is one of the most popular athletics in S. R. H. S., and we will be sorry to lose him. He certainly is a wonderful distance runner for his size.

Bill Lambert, who hails from Suisun, has kept up the reputation of the family as an athlete and a jolly good fellow. He has made a success in football, track and baseball. "Brick" holds the league record in the pole vault of 11 feet 1 inch. He is a broad jumper of no mean ability, and puts the shot forty-five feet.

Ben Drake of June '11, who has been taking a post graduate course, is the best hammer thrower S. R. H. S. has ever turned out. He holds three records now and did hold four. His "big C" record being broken this year, leaves him with the Northwestern Sub League record, S. N. S. C. A. L., and S. R. H. S. records. Both Stanford and California have scouts out for Ben, but California will be the lucky one, as he will enter there next semester. He has been our track captain this season.

It seems hard to lose all these veterans, and some will say that our track team will be worthless next season. It is true that we will miss them, but our prospects are bright, as we have men of ability left, such as: Chapman, Pedersen, Larimer, Covey, Peterson, Rogers, Merritt, Churchill, Talbot, Russell, Lindsten, O'Connor, Argyle, Bettini, Mitchell and others.

We are glad to learn that R. Talbot will train again next year. He is a half mile runner of some ability, having already earned his "S" in this event.

Besides these men, Wayne Weeks, who left school last term, will return. He has been putting the shot 45 feet and can run the high hurdles in fast time. He certainly is a wonderful athlete for a boy. He weighs about 170 pounds now.

It is always to the interest of S. R. H. S. for the members of the various branches of athletics to help the grammar schools. The writer has had the privilege of training the Burbank track team this season, and thinks he has developed some good material for S. R. H. S. The following men will enter from Burbank: Mait. Hall, sprinter; Tub Overton, football and weights; Cal Leo Simpson (captain), pole vault, broad jump, baseball and basketball; Cal

Rohrer, sprints; Louis Genesa, pole vault; and another Maroni for our baseball team.

They held their County Grammar School field meet May 18, Petaluma winning; Burbank, second; Fremont, third; Windsor, fourth (coached by Argyle); and Healdsburg, fifth. The two Santa Rosa schools captured two cups and we are proud of them.

Ora Meyer from Fremont, will make a S. R. H. S. sprinter some day.

Boost and help the Grammar schools.

BASEBALL

We played Analy another game of baseball and easily defeated them by the score of 17 to 6. The game was well played by S. R., the feature being Clark's pitching, and J. Maroni's batting. Santa Rosa scored the first inning and by heavy hitting, kept it up all through the game.

The attitude of the Analy team and of Mr. Williamson was not popular, and it might be said that they are not "game" losers and have a tendency to "crab."

Joe Lombardi has been coaching us, and the speedy little Californian certainly has the "dope" on all the plays.

We wore our new baseball suits for the first time. They are blue with white trimmings. The letters S. R. H. S. are on the front of the shirt. The caps and socks are white.

Our prospects for next season are bright, as we lose only Clark and Lee. We will have Bettini, the Maroni brothers, Argyle, Christ (captain), Birch, Leard, Cooper, Lindstein and others.

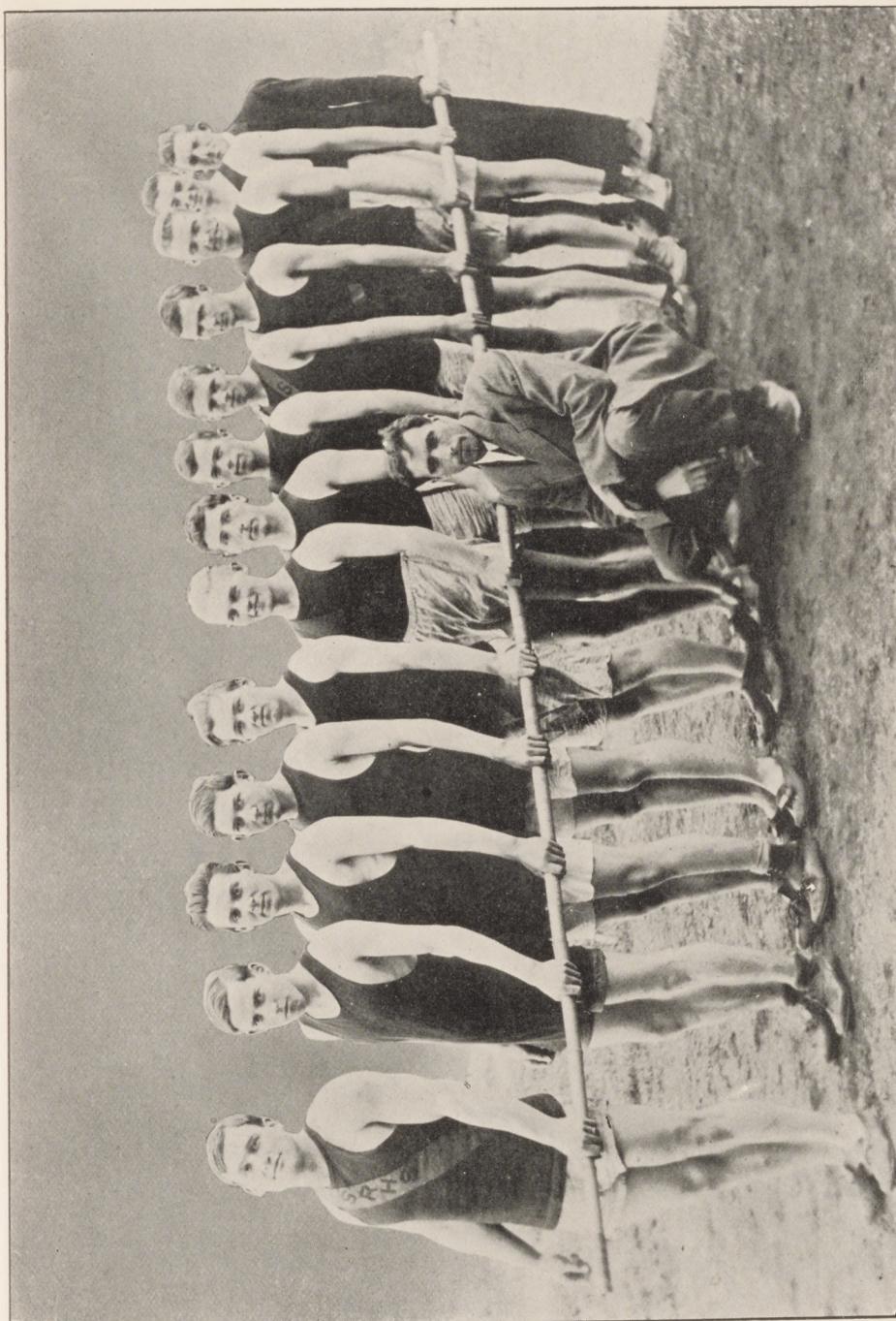
BOYS' BASKETBALL

Boys' basketball was a success in every line this year. We won four out of six games, being beaten twice by Berkeley High, who has the best team on the coast. Our players this year were all veterans, with the exception of one guard. E. Wilson, R. Miller, R. Jones, C. Gore, E. Young and G. Lee were the team, and all played good basketball.

The prospects for next season are not so bright as usual, because every member of this year's team will not be in school next year. This is unfortunate, as it is hard to build up a winning team if you have no old material on which to work. Irving Bennets will be a good center, however, and if we can develop two forwards and two guards, we will be all right.

WEARERS OF THE "S"

Since the Student Body adopted the new Constitution, it is harder to earn the school letter, but the following are the honored ones to date: L. Bettini, track; E. Wilson, track and basketball; C. Clark, baseball, track and football; S. Rogers, track; F. Argyle, track; J. Coon, track; R. Miller, track and basketball; L. Chapman, track; G. Lee, track, baseball and basketball; R. Jones, basketball; E. Young, basketball; C. Gore, track; F. Pedersen, track; W. Lambert, track; V. King, track; B. Drake, track.



TRACK TEAM
Left to Right—E. Wilson (captain), D. Cameron, E. Covey, C. Peterson, S. Rogers, F. Pedersen, V. King, G. Lee,
A. Meese, L. Chapman, B. Drake, C. Merritt, C. Clark (manager), I. D. Steele (coach).

LEE, AS AN ATHLETE

By Donald Cemeron

All of our athletes have been spoken of, except our star athlete, Lee, from Fulton. As he is too modest to write about himself, let me say a few words about him. Galen Lee is our best all-around athlete, and, as he has completed his studies as far as the High School is concerned, intending to enter California University this fall, the school will lose one of its best students, not only in athletics, but in all phases of school activities. In track, Lee made 13 points in the dual meet with Cogswell—more than any other Santa Rosa man. He tied the record of 5 feet 9 inches in the high jump, could have broken the record in the pole vault, but the coach wished him to save himself for the relay; ran the best lap in the relay, gaining over 25 yards on his man; and got second in the low, and third in the high hurdles, running against some of the best hurdlers of the Bay cities.

In basketball, Lee could not be excelled. He made the All-Star team of the A. A. L. in this sport. Lee is catcher on the S. R. baseball team, and is doing some fine work. He played on the Rugby football team, and made the only try for S. R. in the championship game with Napa. Lastly, Lee cannot be excelled as a yell leader. Six cheers! for Galen Lee, wishing him success in the University. Lee! Rah! Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ask Frances

Who has a winning smile?
Who used to run the mile?

Ask Frances.

Who sits in II, first row, one?
Who's always ready for some fun?

Ask Frances.

Whom did we see at the Elite?
Who do you think put up for the treat?

Ask Frances.

Who is who and why?
You cannot guess. Don't try.

Ask Frances.

Teacher—What was Washington's farewell address?

Pupil—Heaven, if I remember rightly.

* * * * *

Miss Mailer (Botany)—What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?

M. Thompson—Moths; they eat holes.

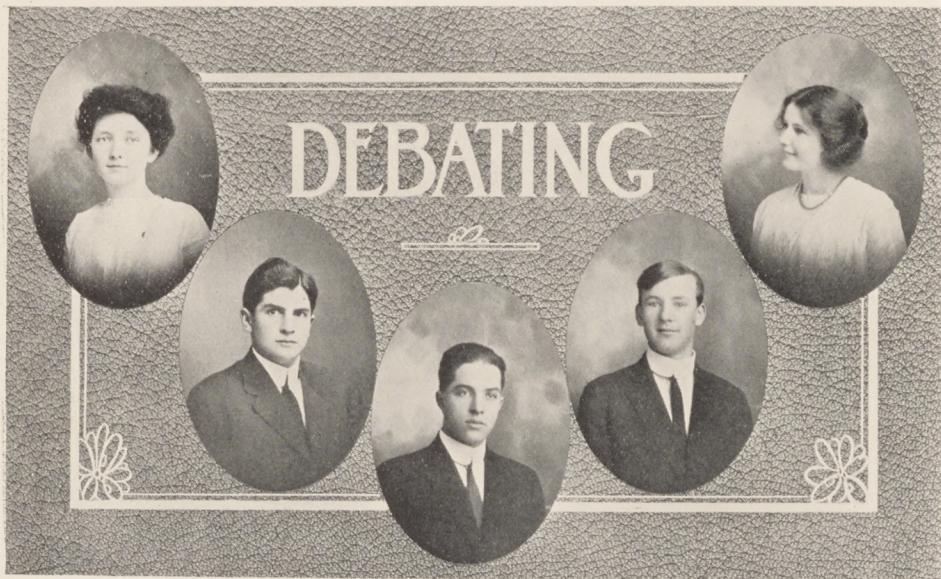
* * * * *

Miss Leddy (Eng. I.)—What is a love ditty?

May H.—Why, its a love affair, isn't it?



Our Trophies



H. Brand

A. Shelton

R. Simpson

C. Case

R. Wright

As the close of school draws near, the tendency is to glance back over the months gone by, and see what has been accomplished, what records have been broken, who has made good on the track, who has lessened in ability, who will "be all right with a little more training?" And, from athletics, one's mind turns to his studies,—the work covered and accomplished, how many blank cards, passed, or failures, are charged to his account, or how many more subjects must be completed before graduation.

And so, following that natural trend of thought, I will take up a careful review of the year's work in debating, the first year in which this subject has been organized as a school and league activity. Soon after the first of last term, we received word that we were to prepare for a debate with Analy, the preliminary contest in the league series. The subject chosen for discussion was that of "International Arbitration." Tryouts and a final were held and the following chosen to represent the school: Chester Case, Ruth Wright and Hattie Brand, with Douglas Cameron, alternate. The debate was held in Sebastopol, in the Analy High School, on the evening of December 8, 1911, and was a victory for Santa Rosa.

This was the first incentive for the work of organization of debating as a school activity. Although it was already late in the term, about fifteen of those interested met and organized a Debating Society for the advancement of this work. Owing to the lateness in the term, nothing could be done, save wait and prepare for the debates of the coming term.

At the first meeting of the Society in this semester, the first business in order was the election of officers, with nearly the same result as that of last

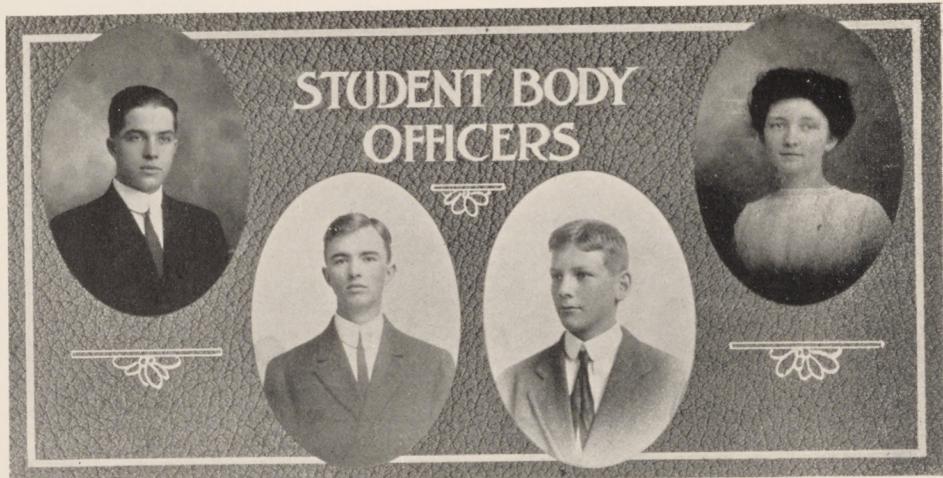
term, as follows: President, Alfred Shelton; vice-president, Ruth Wright; secretary, Chester Case. Jesse Lingenfelter, at a regular Student Body election, had been chosen as Debating representative on the Governing Board.

The question of the "Direct Election of United States Senators" was then taken up, outlined, briefed, and discussed, for it was the question chosen by Sonoma High. The same team which represented us at Analy, with the exception of the choice of Simpson, as alternate, was chosen to uphold our side of the question against Sonoma. This debate was held in the Assembly hall at Santa Rosa, on the evening of February 9, 1912, and was very close and interesting. It was also won by Santa Rosa. The team having won two league debates, the members were now entitled to the gold debating "S". Then came up for consideration the subject of the final debate with St. Helena. Many questions were considered, the one the "Recall of the Judiciary" being adopted. This question was then submitted to St. Helena, that she might choose her side for the coming debate.

In the meantime, a practice debate, upon the same subject, was arranged with Analy, and held on the evening of April 26, at Santa Rosa. The Santa Rosa team, upholding the negative side of the question, was this time composed of Alfred Shelton, Roy Simpson and Chester Case. This time Analy won.

Then came the preparation for the final. The old team, Chester Case, Hattie Brand and Ruth Right, again represented the school. On the evening of May 7 the debate was held in the Santa Rosa High, and proved a very enjoyable affair. St. Helena was represented by the following team: Edward Bruck, Evelyn Grant and Orion Squires. The question, the same as debated with Analy, read, "Resolved, that an Amendment be added to the Constitution providing for the Recall of the Judiciary." The negative was upheld by St. Helena; the affirmative by Santa Rosa. The musical program for the evening consisted of a piano solo by Weston Anderson, and vocal solos by Miss Blanche Bonnard and Miss Edith Copeland. District Attorney Clarence F. Lea was chairman of the evening, while C. R. Perrier of Sebastopol, and Messrs. Harrison and Andrews, both of San Francisco, were judges. The debate was close and both sides did justice to the subject. After a deliberation of forty minutes, by a vote of two to one, the decision was awarded to St. Helena, the individual honor of first place, however, being given to Miss Ruth Wright of Santa Rosa.

Much has been accomplished in debating—much more remains to be done. A better and stronger organization should be formed, stricter and more binding rules should be drawn up, especiall regarding judges and their methods. To the one to whom literary and athletic activities offer no inducement, a field is open in debating, where he may gain honors and practical results, and at the same time serve his school by supporting a much-neglected side of student activities.



R. Simpson

L. Sutherland

A. Peterson

H. Brand

Governing Body Report

April 23—Regular meeting. C. Clark was allowed \$12.53 expenses for track team to "Big C" meet. Baseball manager was allowed one-half expenses of team to Analy.

April 25—Special meeting. C. Clark was allowed \$25 expenses for hauling cinders, and 50c for repair of pole.

April 30—Regular meeting. Report of March Echo was read, and referred to auditing committee. Helen Nagle was granted her "S" for five games of basketball. At the recommendation of the coach, I. Bennetts and Alice Bernardi were granted numerals. The baseball manager was allowed \$10.50 expenses for team to San Rafael.

May 7—Regular meeting. No business was transacted.

May 10—A. England was given permission to play Analy baseball team at Santa Rosa, May 11.

May 14—Regular meeting. Nominations for Student Body election: President—G. Meagher and A. England.

First Vice-President—C. Case and A. Meese.

Second Vice-President—Emily Rued and Frances Ahl.

Secretary—Ruth Dickson, Mary Thompson and C. Anderson.

Editor—V. Ross and Dagnay Jewell.

Girls' Basketball Manager—Grace Bradford and Helen Nagle.

Boys' Basketball Manager—Irvink Bennetts and F. Cooper.

Baseball Manager—A. Bettini and J. Maroni.

Representative Debating Society—Ruth Wright and Matilda Nelson.

Football Manager—M. Paxton and C. Stuart.

Yell Leader—Barbara Dows and E. Koferd.

May 21—Regular meeting. As there was no quorum, the Board adjourned.



Take two or three galleys of proof, cut them up into small sections, mix them in a bag, take one section out at a time, placing it in your "dummy" in the same order that you took it from the bag, and you will have the kind of a paper sent out by a few of our exchanges. The natural conclusion is, that the staff of that paper is "dead." Don't let your paper be run in this manner, Exchanges. If you lack support, you are not going to get it by issuing a poor paper. Those journals, which are half and sometimes three-fourths advertisements, cannot expect the support of their school. Advertising rates should be sufficiently high to pay for your journal, when combined with the subscription receipts, and no more.

"Stock" covers seem to be popular with a number of our exchanges. Stock covers are inexpensive and save a great deal of trouble for the Art department, but don't you think, Exchanges, that they soon grow tiresome. A stock cover which is placed upon a different colored cover each issue is not so monotonous, but be sure you place the month of issue upon the bottom, thus saving much trouble to the exchanges and yourself.

Now, Farewell! May my successor prove acceptable to my numerous friends and critics, who have given The Echo many "boosts" and many points towards making it rank among the best class of exchanges.

The Oracle, Montgomery, Ala., is a new exchange, which we are glad to add to our lists. Your material could be more systematically arranged. Put your editorials after, not between, your Literary department. Locals belong just before the ads. Your Athletic department is good. The addition of a few department cuts would improve you greatly. We would be glad to have you as a regular exchange.

High School Review, Toccoa, Ga. (March), arriving late, you received general acknowledgment in our May issue. Upon a closer examination of your paper, the lack of cuts was noticed as well as the sarcasm upon the part of your Exchange editor towards some of the suggestions offered by your critics. Such a practice should be stopped. You will cause many exchanges to drop you from their lists. Your Exchange department, with that

exception, would be hard to excel. Your Literary section has many short, but good stories. We hope to see you as a regular exchange.

From Manila High School, P. I., comes the **M. H. S. Annual, 1912**. An annual worthy of much praise. Your cuts and material are good. In your next issue it might be well to include a table of contents and an Exchange department. On the whole you present a surprisingly good journal.

The Cardinal, Portland, Ore. (April): You have a good Baseball number, but don't you think it would improve your paper to add an appropriate heading just above your first story? You could place the Staff nearer the Editorials, commencing your stories under the first cut. Your Literary section is fine, as are the other departments. Why such small type in the "Grinds" department? Your cover design is excellent.

The Kuay, Seattle, Wash. (Alumni Number): In regard to your front heading, the remarks concerning **The Cardinal**, could be well applied to you. We envy you your cartoonist. You have good material. With a few changes in the arrangement of the first few pages, your would attain a big step towards an excellent, all-around school paper.

The Junior Edition of **The Sotoyoman**, Healdsburg, Cal., is an improvement over previous issues. Be careful about the arrangement of jokes. We note with pleasure a change in cover stock and also the dropping out of those bottom lines.

Wheat, Ritzville, Wash. (April): You have a neat and inexpensive cover. Seems to me that I have read "The Unexpected Inevitable" before, although I may be mistaken. Don't adopt newspaper cartoons as cuts—it is not suitable. We thank you for the favorable mention given **The Echo**.

The Round Up, Douglas, Wyo. (April): You seem to have an abundance of material, but no cuts. You surely can get cuts, because one does appear in the advertisements. Try to use a large sized type in your next issue. As you are in your second year, we will expect to see you keep on progressing.

The Columbia News, New York City: For a grammar school, you have a fine paper. Add a few more cuts. Exchanges seem to be well reviewed. Come again.

One of the best exchanges arriving this month is **Caerulea**, Long Beach, Cal. The stories are all good. I was particularly pleased with "The Sacrifice." The color scheme is excellent. The Poems, Exchanges and other departments are cleverly written. You have the honor of being the first exchange this year to pass without some criticism.

A new friend from the Philippine Islands is **Iloilo**. You represent a good deal of work and, judging from other papers received from your section, you are up with, if not superior, to them. We should like to see you add a story or two along with your views of exchanges.

I have before me a paper from Binghamton, New York, named **The High School Panorama**. Why no table of contents? Oh! yes; I see it is hid-

den by advertisements. Don't you think a separate page would be more attractive for it? You have a good Literary department. "A New High School" expresses the needs of a modern high school in good form. It might be better to give your visiting exchanges first mention, followed by their views of your paper. Jokes must be rather hard to find in your school. We are pleased to receive you and hope the suggestion will prove of some value.

Rayen Record, Youngstown, Ohio (March): Yours is a newsy paper and full of "spirit." How about politics in a school paper? It is hardly advisable to discuss them in any manner. A new department heading for Jokes and one at the beginning of your paper would improve matters.

A new exchange is **The Condolier**, Venice, Cal. You are just commencing your paper, are you not? I would suggest the addition of a few department headings and an Exchange department. Come again.

Congratulations, **Red and White**, Vallejo, Cal., upon your new school building. We also have one nearing completion, of which we are justly proud. Why not have a few more cuts? Place your Editorials nearer the back of the paper. Material is good.

Dictums Est, Red Bluff, Cal. (April): You have a neat cover, followed by a couple of good stories. The arrangement of your ads. could be greatly improved; the present system is detrimental to your paper. You class us among the "little" papers, much to our displeasure; your Exchange editor should be more thorough in his criticisms. We are not offended, but merely suggest a closer observation.

Trident, Santa Cruz, Cal. (Track Number): It seems to us that you are not up to your usual standard. You are probably preparing your Commencement issue, so we will overlook it, hoping to receive you again in your usual good form.

Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis., arrived as usual. You are up to the standard set by previous issues.

The Rapid Soo, Sioux Rapids, Iowa, is a good paper worth having. We, however, prefer a good-sized monthly to your smaller weekly paper, but arguments can be found to favor both.

The May issue of **The Owl**, Fresno: You like many of the rest, have reserved all your force for your Commencement Number. Start your new volume with a new cover cut.

The Almanack, Lake Forest, Ill.: You have what may be termed a "set form paper." It might be well to change the monotony by getting a different colored cover. We have not received comment on The Echo; do you receive one?

We are sorry you did not have more space for your exchanges, **The Racquet**, Portland, Me. Your stories are as usual.

The Oriole, Campbell, Cal.: Your cuts are fine. You surely have a wonderful assistant business manager, judging from the length of his story. Your exchanges could be more fully commented upon.

The Wilmerding Life, San Francisco: You arrived just in time for mention. You have a good appearance.



Our Chester

Our Chester is a Latin shark,
Our Chester with the girls can spark

Our Chester is a perfect dear.
Our Chester always can debate,
Our Chester never fails a date,
Our Chester's rather queer.

Our Chester is a funny Case,
In Everything he takes a place,
He brings his teachers joy (?)
Our Chester is an all-round sport,
His smiles are of the "catching" sort,
For our Chester's just a boy.
* * * * *

Miss Crane—Now, if I turn to the east and look at the rising sun, what is behind me?

Harry Trembley—Your shadow!

* * * * *

Fred Pederson—What's the best way to find out what a girl thinks of you?

Weston Anderson—Marry her!

* * * * *

Amelia Thole—Put me off at the library, please.

Conductor—I'd much rather you'd get off quietly, by yourself.

Teacher—Name one animal that provides you with food and clothing.

Bright Boy—My mother.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele (Hist. II.)—What's in back of the army?

L. Nathanson—The ambulance.

* * * * *

Mercy! child, don't you know where little boys go who say such words?

N. McP.—Yes, to the woodshed.

* * * * *

Teacher—Give a quotation from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

Bright Pupil—"Ah! ha! she cried, in accents wide, and waved her wooden leg and died."

* * * * *

Miss Smith (Com. Arith.)—Now, move your decimal point, or you'll find you have no cents (sense), if you don't.

* * * * *

Miss Mailer (Phys.) — Eloise, name the largest bone in the lower extremities?

E. Y.—The foot.

**Epitaphs of Some of the Senior
Boys and Girls**

Bessie Joaquin—

Here in this mouldy earth is laid
A very bashful little maid.

Doris Meyers—

Here lies a student bold and brave
She died to see if she could fill a
grave.

Bernice Hocker—

Here lies the girl with rosy cheeks
She bravely died with a rose at
her feet.

Rodney Jones—

Here lies a skater very still,
For once he took an awful spill.

Elaine Mallory—

In this dark, cold grave is laid,
Elaine, the innocent little maid.

Alice de B.—

Here lies the lassie whose pastime
Was arguing with the faculty.

Hattie B.—

Mere lies the bones of one who
shrank,
For she in Latin did not flunk.

Hazel Cameron—

This little girl was very sweet,
The reason why she took sugar
for meat.

Vernon King—

In this small spot lies a very bold
lad,
But died from effects of a 'parasol'
stroke.

Gladys H.—

Here lies a girl who was very
sweet,
But joyfully died at Pederson's
feet.

HAVE YOU TRIED

Jacobs'

JAR TAFFIES?

IF NOT?

WHY NOT?

Chas. Clark—

Here lies a tall and graceful lad,
Fell over a toad, the story is sad.

Ruth N.—

Here lies the girl in a checkered
dress,
Alas! she tore it and died in dis-
tress.

Adah Smith—

Here lies a girl both tall and
slender,
But nary a one could easily bend
her.

Edna Pierce—

Here lies a girl with wavy hair,
She lost a lock and died in despair.

* * * * *

Forrest was to have a birthday
party, to which Genevieve C. was
invited. Meeting him on the street
a few hours before the appointed
time, she told him she could not
come, because she had been unable
to get him a present. Forrest
smoothed it over by saying, "Oh,
that's all right; just bring the
money."

* * * * *

Fred P. (the would-be Hamlet)—
What do you think of my acting?

Weston A.—That's not acting;
that's misbehavior.

* * * * *

When Eddie K. was first allowed
to eat cherries, it was impressed on
him that he must not swallow the
seeds. A short time afterwards he
was given the cooked cherries from
the cherry pie. Looking up, he
asked, "Who spit out the seeds?"

Hattie, McKinney & Titus

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHINGS

Everything at one price, and that
price RIGHT

304 FOURTH STREET, SANTA ROSA

Mr. Carithers—Go away and let me read, you bothersome baggage.

Gladys C.—Well, if I am baggage, don't you think I ought to have a check?

* * * * *

Senior—Your pa will lick you, if he knows you are out here skating on this thin ice.

Freshie—But he won't know it. He is busy writing my composition and doing my lessons for me.

* * * * *

"Where is the wild West?"

"Gosh! stranger, can't you read? In the current magazines; where do you expect to find it—running around loose?"

* * * * *

Clyde S.—Were you ever in war, Cliff?

Clifford M.—I should say I was. We suffered many hardships. One day I didn't have anything to eat for three days.

* * * * *

Hazel K.—What are banana skins good for, anyway?

Lois L.—Why, they make slippers out of them.

* * * * *

Olivia S.—What have you on for this evening, Ned?

Ned L. (walking away)—Nothing but this light suit!

* * * * *

Mrs. Mills (at Glee Club)—We will now sing, "How Can I Leave Thee" in two parts.

Tel. 342 Orders Called for and Delivered

**COLTRIN'S
SANTA ROSA GROCERY**
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
SELECTED FRUITS

317 Mendocino Avenue

Santa Rosa

There's a Reason

Auntie asked little Clyde what he wanted to give Clifford M. for his birthday.

Clyde—Oh, I know, but I ain't big enough.

* * * * *

Advice to Latin Pupils—"Get a pony and enjoy life. Latin is a dead language, but unfortunately it isn't buried."

* * * * *

Miss Crane—Emma, did you ever see the Catskill mountains?

Emma—No, but I've seen them kill mice.

* * * * *

Miss Wylie—Parse "Court."

"Court is a verb, active, indicative mood, present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighborhood."

* * * * *

From 1:00-1:40 (Study Hall)

Mildred Turner sat in her seat, Elsie Spencer fell asleep; Dale Wetzler hummed a chord, And Chop. Roberts sang, "Praise the Lord."

* * * * *

Miss Smith (Geom. I.)—What is a rhombus?

Agnes V.—It is a square that somebody has sat down on.

* * * * *

Miss Wylie—What is the passive voice of "I am doing?"

Velma M.—I am done.



535 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Specialists in Fitting Glasses

Daughter—Mother, darling, you know he's the light of my heart.

Mother—Well, you know we put the light out at ten.

* * * * *

Teacher—Johnny, what is a hypocrite?

Johnny—A boy wot comes to school with a smile on his face.

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara—What makes a year?

Juliet Johnson (pride of English III. a)—The earth rotates 365 times on its axes.

* * * * *

Freshie Girl—Do you ever use slang?

Alice de B.—Nit! my maw would biff me on the beak, if I even made a stab at any dope like that, see?

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara (addressing Eng. III. and holding up the picture of Shakespeare)—I want you to become acquainted with this man. This is Julius Caesar.

* * * * *

Miss Leddy (Latin II. C. Case translating)—Now, Chester, pay attention to your text; you don't see anything when you look at me.

* * * * *

Leatha Spooncer—I want to get a hair ribbon.

Clerk—How long do you want it?

Leatha S.—I'd like to have it as long as it lasts.



BEFORE BUYING YOUR PIANO GET PRICES FROM SONOMA VALLEY MUSIC COMPANY 516 Fourth Street Santa Rosa

D. S.—Don't you despise people who are always kicking?

N. S.—Not always. Some I admire very much.

D. S.—For instance?

N. S.—Chorus girls!

* * * * *

The rain it falls upon the just,

And also on the unjust fellers;
But chiefly on the just, because

The unjust has the just's umbrel-
lers.

* * * * *

Miss Wirt—What tense do I use when I say "I am beautiful?"

Louise P.—The past tense.

* * * * *

Harry's Uncle—What do you suppose? Harry has just rescued that young widow from being drowned.

Harry's Aunt—Oh, dear; now we'll have to rescue Harry.

* * * * *

Intelligent student (picking up a Caesar)—Huh, Latin's easy. I wish I had taken it. Look here: parte dux in aro—party of ducks in a row. passus sum iam—pass us some jam. boni legis Caesarus—bony legs of Caesar.

* * * * *

Father—What! another new dress?

Daughter—You needn't be cross; I bought it with my own money.

Father—Where did you get it?

Daughter—I sold your fur coat.

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OLDEST AND BEST

ALL CLEANING BY DRY PROCESS

721 Fourth Street

Phone 124

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The Leading Commercial College of the West

Do you know that on an average two graduates a week pass from the Santa Rosa Business College into the great business world? They secure and hold the best positions—advance the most rapidly—because they were properly and thoroughly trained in exactly the Things Required in Every Modern Business Office.

Fifteen graduates placed in positions during the last thirty days at salaries ranging from \$35 to \$75 per month.



TO YOUNG MEN—The Santa Rosa Business College offers you the opportunity of a lifetime. Here you may receive that training that insures for you a successful life; successful in business, successful socially, and successful in all that makes life worth living. Instead of the pick, the hoe, and the shovel, you may have the pen, the office, and the cultured mind. Instead of the ignorant foreigner, the Chinaman, and the Jap, you have for your daily companions men of standing, wealth, and intelligence, without whose influence it is impossible to reach your highest destiny in business and in social intercourse.

TO YOUNG WOMEN—This Institution offers you all that it offers young men. Education, the kind that is most valuable and usable, the kind that will lift you to a higher plane than the drudgery of household service, the kind that will lead you to pleasant and desirable employment with fair and sometimes highly profitable remuneration. The hundreds of successful young lady graduates of this institution now in business, giving excellent satisfaction, earning their own money, independent, not being compelled to call upon papa for spending money when he is, perhaps, struggling to make both ends meet, are living testimonials of what the Santa Rosa Business College has done for them and can do for you.

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SANTA ROSA BUSINESS COLLEGE

IS TO INSURE SUCCESS

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 President

A. J. FUSCHIA
 Vice-President

C. R. SWEET, M. Accts.
 Secretary

E. VIRGINIA GRANT, Principal Stenographic Dept.

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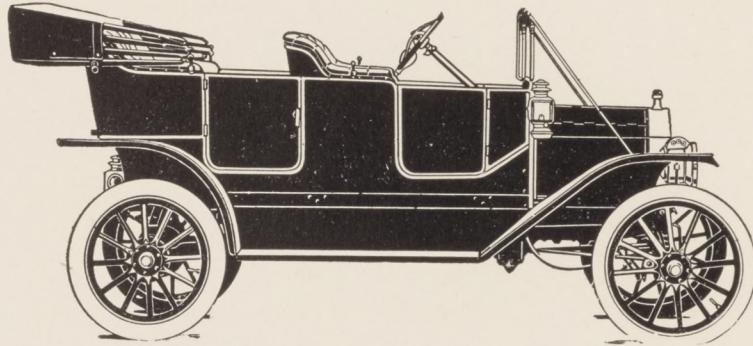
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Courteous Treatment*

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with your fellowmen*

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SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

Miss O'Meara (Eng. VII.)—
What do the poems L'Allegro and
El Pensero represent?

Weston A.—Happy Hooligan and
Gloomy Gus!

PHONE 495

J. E. BRADLEY
MANAGER

The Wiley B. Allen Co.

PIANOS

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

495 MENDOCINO AVE.

C. Mortimer Chapin

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Studio—Room 31, Masonic Building
Phone 354

Miss Leddy (Latin I.)—What
word do we have coming from “optimus”—meaning best?

Dale W.—Optimo cigars.

SANTA ROSA NORMAL SCHOOL

This excellent institution under the able direction of Professor A. C. McMeans is doing a splendid work for young people who wish to make teaching their profession.

To those who have not the means to take the course of two years at a State Normal, this school is a great privilege. Professor McMeans has had wonderful success in qualifying his students for the teachers' examinations. If you wish to enter the profession of teaching, or wish to better qualify yourself for further advancement and better salaries, place yourself under the instruction of Professor McMeans.

JAS. S. SWEET,
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Ten Thousand Underwood Typewriters

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All Telegrams, Night and Day Letters in the future, will be typewritten on the Underwood.

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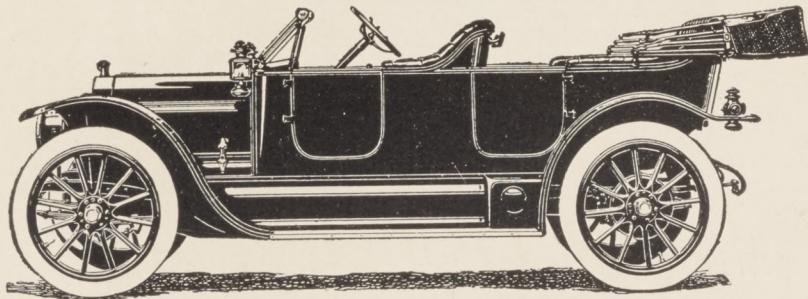


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419 Fourth Street

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

Mr. Steele (Hist. II.)—What was one of the great mistakes of Napoleon?

Lester N.—His marriage!

* * * * *

Literary Boarder (fastening his eyes on the hash)—Kindly pass the "Review of Reviews."

HEALEY SHOE CO.



Best Shoes
on Earth

\$2.50 \$3.50
\$3.00 \$4.00

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There is no use carrying your babies when you can get a

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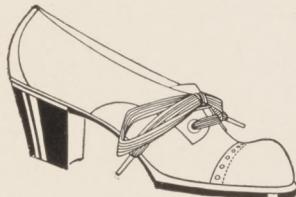
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Snappy,
Stylish

Footwear

AT

**R. C. MOODEY
& SON**

Zelma—Mamma, teacher whipped a boy for whispering in school, today.

Mrs. C.—Well, that was right.

Z.—But he hollered ten times as loud as he whispered.

J. C. MAILER HARDWARE Co.

For all kinds of
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And to the jail was sent;
The jury said, "Not Guilty,"
So, he was in-a-cent.

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"Well, not here," replied the clerk, "but you may hire a room."

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Gloom—Arthur who?

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"He did sor," said Pat. "Sure, sor, he squazed me throat till I thought he would make cider out o' me Adam's apple."

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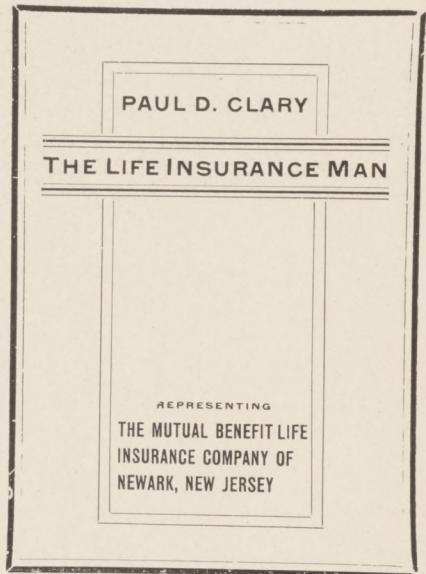
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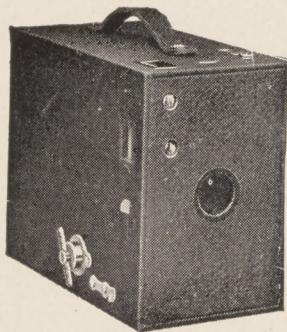
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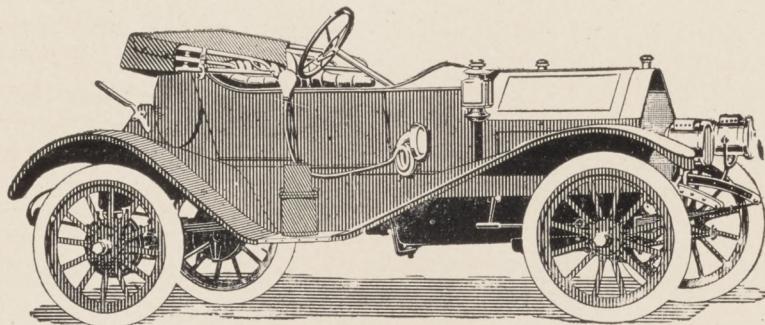
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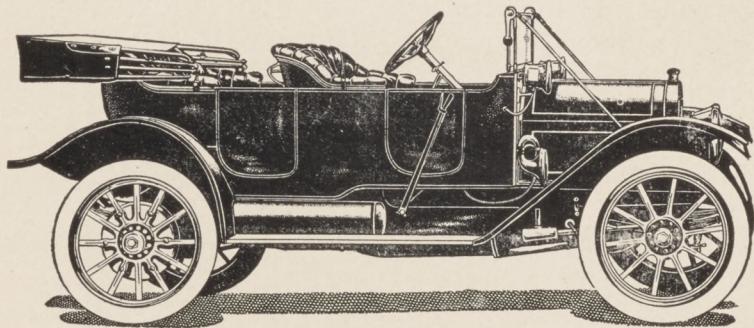
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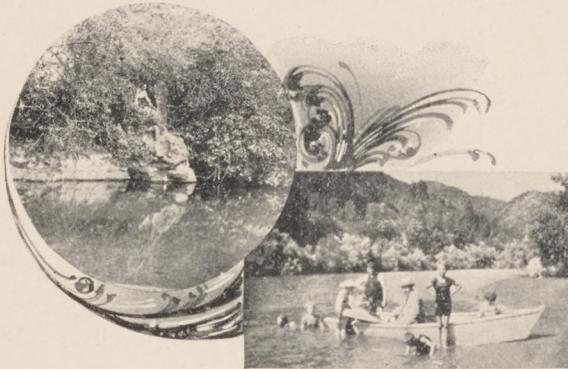
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